JOHN BULL APRIL 26 1941. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXIX 1819

MACHINE THE MASTER by the EDITOR

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A queer new world we're living in

While history's being made

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And daily it "goes to it" on

This ration—bread and cheese

No better lunch for Britons . . and

(Of course)—a Bulmer's please!

Bulmer's Cider

Everyone wants Bulmer's these days, but we cannot at present send your dealer more than his pre-war amount, so please do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock.

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What do I do...

if rattles sound the gas alarm?

If I am out of doors, I put on my gas mask, cover up my neck and hands, and take cover as quickly as possible.

I do not look up.

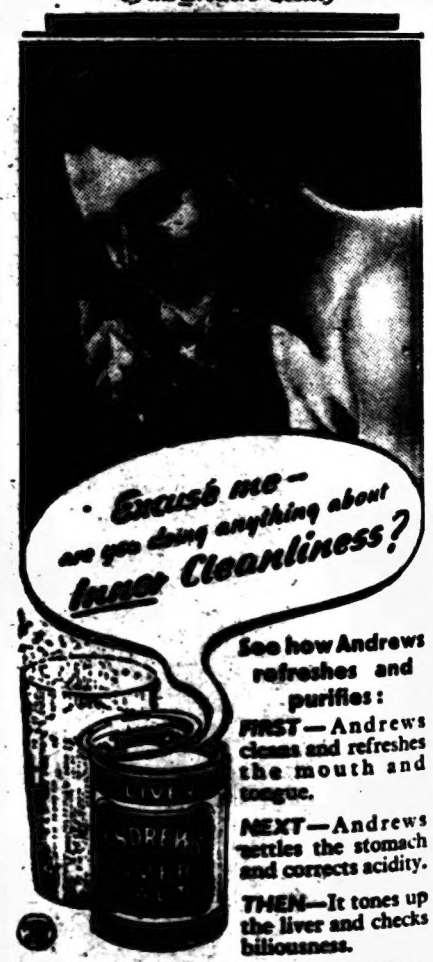
If I am indoors, I put on my gas mask, and shut all doors and windows.

If I feel a smarting sensation, or think I smell gas, even when I first put my mask on, I do *not* take the mask off. The discomfort will pass off in a few minutes.

I keep my mask on and stay under cover till I hear the gas 'all clear' sounded on handbells.

Cut this out — and keep it!

Issued by The Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society



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THEN—It tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

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1402

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 26, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

Straight from the Shoulder

WE MUST BE REALISTS!

TO hell with inquests! A lot of people would seemingly like to turn aside from war effort to analyse past blunders and search for scapegoats.

There is no time for such profitless diversions. The thing to do is to profit by past lessons, not to lament past mistakes.

Lost Copybooks

Yet recent weeks have proved that we have forgotten our lessons.

We have been surprised by the swiftness of German advances. Surprised—despite the speed of our rout of the Italians in Libya and Abyssinia!

We have been surprised because the Germans have improved their weapons. Surprised—despite their reputation for mechanical ingenuity!

Keep the Balance

The same old mistakes are being made. Some people—including those hearty "official spokesmen"—minimise enemy gains and magnify British successes.

Others wail that all is lost directly a Nazi armoured column scores a local success.

What dangerous folly!

Bound to be many ups and downs in a conflict of these dimensions!

Pros and Cons

Months ago, on this page, warning was given that Spring would bring heavy blows. It was stressed that we must take a realistic view.

Let us do so now. Yugoslavia has gone. But we have taken all Italian East Africa.

The situation in Libya is serious, though we have inflicted severe punishment on the attackers.

The Battle of the Atlantic has not yet reached its peak. Hitler has not yet dared to launch a full-scale invasion of Britain.

Hitting Back

The *Luftwaffe* lays waste our towns. We are hitting back at Nazi war centres with ever-increasing strength.

Incidentally, praise should be given to the brave Polish air force, which took a big part in the tremendous hammering of Berlin a fortnight ago.

Our aircraft production is increasing as it should. American machines are arriving in fair numbers.

Uncle Sam on Overtime

But we must make still greater efforts. Aid from the U.S.A. cannot be decisive for a long time to come, despite several encouraging factors.

American machine tool makers are reaching the "impossible" levels demanded of them.

Steel output last quarter was 97 per cent. of capacity. It should amount to the staggering total of 31,500,000 tons for the whole year—a figure Hitler cannot rival.

President Roosevelt is preparing strong measures against Communist-fomented strikes.

Cook's Tour

But Hitler is cooking unpleasant messes for us to swallow.

Again we emphasise that new shocks may spring from the Western Mediterranean.

Legions of Nazi "tourists" continue to arrive on the African coast opposite Gibraltar and in the hinterland behind the Rock itself.

Diversion!

Moreover, the Balkans campaign may be only a large-scale diversion.

Libya-Egypt-the Suez may well be Hitler's real road to Iran, Iraq and India.

Dotting His I's

His diplomatic intrigues in Iraq and Iran, whose oil he needs to refill the tanks of his war machine, have already startled us.

Our Foreign Office must get busy if we are to be spared graver shocks from these vital British "spheres of interest."

For von Ribbentrop is exerting all his wiles to drag them completely into the Axis orbit.

Turks Hold Firm

Nor has he yet given up hope of scaring Turkey into his net by the old method of encirclement.

As the Turks remain proof against both cajolery and bluster, they must expect all the tricks of a Nazi war of nerves.

And, eventually, actual invasion.

Will Russia be attacked? Here, too, we must be prepared for a surprising diversion to throw us off our guard.

Black and Blue

The *Luftwaffe* is the co-ordinator in the whole gigantic plan to blast a way to the oilfields of Asia.

Goering is determined to blacken the blue water of the Eastern Mediterranean with the shadow of his 'planes.

The thousand already sent there will be reinforced if they continue to fall in combats with the Hurricanes they outnumber. Nazis never stop at half-measures.

Sleeves Up!

So we have our hands full. We must employ them to the full.

We must make still more bombers and bombs. More ships and shells.

More tanks. More lorries. More guns—machine-guns, field-guns, A.A. guns; above all, more anti-tank guns.

We must concentrate on mechanical weapons, not on recruiting vast armies of men.

Sack the Muddlers!

There are still muddles to clear up, of course.

Workers at a torpedo works drink or play cards during the Alert. Blame the management!

A woman is refused munitions work because she is five feet three—an inch "too short." Blame that crazy regulation!

A young man cannot volunteer as a shipyard worker because he is already "reserved" as a stoker, though he spends most of his time lounging about. Blame red tape for that.

Men responsible for such muddles should be sacked.

Cool Heads

In short, we are doing well, but not well enough.

We must work even harder at home and face new dangers abroad. We shall find it easier to do both if we can keep our heads cool.

Hitler will hit us hard in the coming months. We shall strike back. And there are undeniable reasons for the confidence of Prime Minister Churchill, President Roosevelt, and the ordinary folk throughout the democracies.

(Continued overleaf)

★ TO OUR READERS

"JOHN BULL" believes that the first duty to its readers is to maintain all the features that have made it world-famous.

We have contrived to keep it at pre-war price despite mounting costs of production.

Now, however, the Government requests a still further cut in paper consumption, and, in order that we may maintain unimpaired the standards to which our readers have become accustomed, we have decided—in common with many other papers—to make a slight increase in price.

So, as from next week's issue, your "JOHN BULL" will cost 2½d. the price of a postage stamp! But it will still be unrivalled value.

Apart from maintaining all our popular editorial features, the facilities offered by our Free Advice Service will still be available to readers.

Moreover, "JOHN BULL" offers free to every reader—including Home Guards and all Civil Defence Workers—an Air Raid Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, covering husband and wife against death or disablement, as defined, resulting from Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment.

Comprehensive Household Benefits are also provided by this unparalleled Charter of Protection.

Already over £70,000 has been paid to registered readers in air raid benefits alone.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

BODY-SNATCHING doctors are busier than ever.

Some of their abominable work was described in the last two issues of JOHN BULL. We shall continue the attack so long as sick and maimed men are passed as "fit" for military service.

The facts are stronger than any words of censure could be. Here, then, are further examples.

Blind Soldier

Mr. Arthur Pinder was awarded £1,750 damages at Manchester, two years ago, because he had lost his sight as the result of an accident.

He is completely blind in one eye, has only 2 per cent. sight in the other. He can barely see to walk down the road. Doctors have forbidden him to lift any weight.

But he was passed for Army service.

Under Escort

Incapable of travelling alone, he had to be escorted to barracks. There his condition was at once realised.

After a fortnight, he was discharged.

Incurable

A Liverpool man had been attended by many eye specialists. They described his case as hopeless.

He cannot see to read or write. But he, too, was passed for military service by a bevy of civilian doctors.

Called to his unit, he was sympathetically treated by the astonished officers and obtained his discharge after some weeks.

Fit but Dying

Though he had been ill for three years, a Stoke-on-Trent man was passed into Grade 1.

He joined his unit on a Thursday, was inoculated on Friday, and died on Saturday from cerebral thrombosis.

No Lead-Swinger

A Colchester man complained of internal trouble. Perhaps the doctors thought he was "swinging the lead," for they marked his papers "Grade 1."

Within six hours he was taken to hospital and operated upon for acute appendicitis and peritonitis.

For days he had to be fed through the arm. Now, recovering, he is warned that he will be weak for months.

But he is awaiting call-up.

Purblind

One last case: Also passed by a medical board was a man with a diseased right eye, which had to be removed after he had been in the Army for three weeks.

Because his disability is not due to war service, he cannot be issued with an artificial eye and suffers from frequent colds in the socket.

How many more unfit men will be pushed into uniform by purblind civil doctors?

War Wangle

Rascally landlords are inflating war costs.

When a house is bombed, they persuade a builder to add £25 or so to the repair bill, keep £10 for himself, and devote the rest to painting or paperhanging to improve the property at the State's expense.

Prosecutions are likely.

Helping the Dealers

But the State itself insists on unnecessary expense.

Home Office ordered Breconshire to buy four new police cars. County officials found that two of the existing cars, in use for only a year, could be reconditioned.

No, says the Home Office, four new cars must be bought.

Mad Muddling

Next example of muddling concerns a West Country mental hospital.

Two wards were requisitioned and the patients removed. After the new nurses had spent months in idleness, the Government gave up the wards and the patients were fetched back across country.

Then officialdom changed its mind again, took over the wards, and the mental cases were pushed off to a hospital sixty miles away.

Another move will doubtless follow.

Heavyweights

Official shout about reducing Service rations has apparently not been heard in some quarters.

Wrens at one station, working less than six hours a day, get double the rations of civilian men on the same work.

A girl in uniform actually gets more than a married man and his wife, the civilian staff complains.

Short Commons

Despite Mr. Bevin's appeals, industrial canteens are not being set up fast enough.

One is badly needed by 4,000 men and girls at a big railway workshop. Hundreds leave home at seven in the morning and do not get back until nine at night, Sundays included.

But they have to rely on what can be spared from the family rations.

Should not a Square Meal be included in the Square Deal programme?

Fining the Firemen

Much to our surprise, Mr. Herbert Morrison doesn't seem to be giving a fair deal to the A.F.S.

Fire Brigades Union is fighting his proposal that a chief officer should be able to punish a man by making deductions from his pay.

It would result in penalising the man's family—not a nice thought for a wife while her husband is out in the blitz at night.

Cap in Hand

Very reasonably, the union is asking that A.F.S. men should have their injury allowances paid direct by the brigade.

At present they have to apply to the Assistance Board, a system that leads to delay and hardship.

In Pawn

One A.F.S. man was badly injured by bomb blast. He was too ill to go to the Board, and his wife had been evacuated. So his application was not made until seven days later.

Then his application was lost either by the Post Office, the Ministry of Pensions, the Assistance Board or the Fire Brigade—all of which had to deal with it.

He had to pawn his coat to send money to his wife to save her from going on public relief.

Mr. Morrison, shear this red tape!

Sleep-Fighters

Is it not anomalous, too, that firemen on night duty in some towns are not allowed to lie down even when there is no Alert?

In one station near Liverpool, for example, twelve men have to struggle to keep awake, yet in the storeroom there are ample beds and blankets.

Too much is left to the whim of the chief officer.

Dry Humour

Whimsical, too, but perplexing, is the difficulty of people in some districts who'd like to buy a bottle of wine.

Local regulations prevent off-licences from opening before five p.m. But the licensees have decided, because of the blitz, not to keep open later than five!

Joy in the Camp

Commandant of an internment camp appealed for volunteers for war work.

Scores of "enemy aliens" stepped forward. Having spent months trying to get their release, they welcomed the chance to prove they were not Fifth Columnists.

One was an Austrian Jew, who had technical skill. He was released, sent to the employment exchange.

We Don't Know

A job was quickly found for him—in one of our most hush-hush aircraft factories!

He's happy to help. But if he can be trusted so implicitly, why was he not released before?

Missing Milkmen

Milk rationing scheme is regrettable. But worse is the stoppage of school milk in such smoky cities as Sheffield.

Frankly, it undoes years of good work.

Of what use to impair children's health during the summer on the promise of giving them cheese in winter?

Keep It Up!

Big cement factories may reduce production because their warehouses are full.

Obviously, the Government should remove the stores to various parts of the country and enable full production to be maintained.

Future needs may be heavier than can be assessed at the moment. And we can't afford another cement shortage.

"JOHN BULL'S" BOOK FOR HANDYMEN

This week, on page 19, "John Bull" announces a wonderful new privilege book offer for every one of its readers.

Entitled *The Handyman's Complete Self-Instructor*, this work contains nearly 600 pages, 230,000 words and almost 600 diagrams, sectional drawings, plans and charts. The book deals with hundreds and hundreds of jobs, many of which the average handyman usually considers to be beyond him.

Turn to page 19 and send in your application at once.

Behind the News

● **Owing to new R.A.F. bombs and bombers, rich Nazis are offering high prices for isolated country homes.**

● *Germans are no longer allowed to discuss leaders' movements. Official reason: British Secret Service. Actual reason: No Nazi boss will risk a night in military zones.*

● Macedonian hillmen have banded themselves together in mountain districts, coming down nightly to harass the Nazis.

● **To prevent extent of Nazi Balkan casualties alarming home public, soldiers may send their families only a printed field service postcard once a fortnight.**

● *Big showdown is developing behind the Vichy scene. Fearing scandalous exposures, Darlan's followers are seeking to postpone trial of former French leaders.*

● Surprising twist in French colonial policy may arise from French Somaliland. Commander of Free French forces there is General Legentilhomme, till last June governor of that strategic colony.

● **Another worry to Berlin and Vichy is Syria. Nazi intrigue there has not kept pace with "twin" trouble in Irak, causing a setback to German pincers plan.**

● *U.S.A. has taken measures to counter the arrival of Nazi technicians in Martinique, West Indian island where Bank of France gold is stored and French warships are sheltering.*

● Gestapo in Poland has been doubled to guard Nazi officials, for intense persecution has failed to "pacify" the Poles.

● **Mutinies in Italian fighting services against Nazi domination! Machine-gun executions have increased the bitter feeling between Axis "allies."**

● *Nazi requisitioning officers in Poland and Czechoslovakia are instructing farmers to deliver all but twenty per cent. of their horses. These are being slaughtered and sent to Germany for food.*

● New German aircraft factories will be in production soon in Silesia. They are to take the place of those which the R.A.F. has heavily bombed in Western Germany.

● **A statement may be made soon about the big fortunes that Ribbentrop, Goering, Goebbels, Himmler and other Nazi leaders have deposited in South America. Ribbentrop, during the last six months, has made £250,000 by trafficking in commandeered French champagne reserves.**

MACHINE the MASTER

"WHEN we got the Germans out of their machines," said the wounded Greek, "we found them no better than the Italians.

"They did not like our bayonets; they are nothing more than chauffeurs in armour."

It is true, but what chauffeurs, and what armour! For seven years, while the Democracies were sunk in complacent sleep, Germany was working day and night to build the mightiest war machine the world has ever known.

Every victory the Nazis have gained has been won by that machine. Their tanks and their dive bombers; their armoured cars and mechanised transport have smashed their way through opposing armies or terrified small nations into submission without a fight.

Man for man, our troops have no fear of the enemy. They are eager to meet him, but human valour is not enough to overthrow the devil in the car.

To beat the chauffeurs in uniform we must build better and more numerous machines. We must match their strength gun for gun, tank for tank, and 'plane for 'plane.

HITLER HAS HAD SEVEN YEARS' START OF US. OUR SALVATION DEPENDS UPON CATCHING UP WITH HIM AND OUTSTRIPPING HIS PRODUCTION.

There is not a moment to lose. American help is far from negligible now, and will be enormously increased next year.

Every resource of the British Commonwealth is being strained to support us.

But the fact remains that, in this vital stage of the world war, the sword of ultimate victory can only be forged in the unsurpassed workshop of the British Isles.

The conquering war machines must be built here and now. We cannot afford to lose an hour of working time. We cannot afford to support any able-bodied man or woman in idleness.

We do not propose to comment here upon the military situation in the Balkans and in East Africa; it is enough to point out that, once again, the German machine has proved its colossal strength and speed.

IT IS THE HEIGHT OF FOLLY TO UNDERRATE OUR ENEMY, AND DURING RECENT WEEKS SOME OF OUR OFFICIAL SPOKESMEN HAVE DONE THIS.

Again and again they declared that "the situation was well in hand," when, in fact, it was fraught with grave anxiety.

Indeed, the country as a whole had not recovered from a rich diet of undigested victories in distant theatres of war. It was in a doze of complacency.

John Bull believes that it has waked up now. We are confident that it can stand up to ill news as staunchly as it has stood up to bombing.

We are certain that we shall beat Hitler in the end.

Our one fear is that the war may be needlessly prolonged by this pernicious tendency to return to complacency the moment things seem to be going a little better for us.

Some of our leaders and experts are undoubtedly to blame for this, and if we could get behind the scenes we should probably find that these are men who are not really on top of their jobs. They hope that facile optimism will conceal this.

Without Fear or Favour

★

By THE EDITOR

"JOHN BULL" ASSERTS POSITIVELY THAT THE OVERWHELMING MAJORITY OF THE POPULATION IS NO LONGER IN ANY MOOD TO SUFFER FUMBLERS. IT WANTS—AND WILL INSIST—THAT *ANYONE* WHO CAN'T DO THE JOB SHOULD BE SWEPT ASIDE WITHOUT SENTIMENT.

It wants, too, plain speaking—*all the time*, not merely when events are so critical that their seriousness is obvious to everyone.

Only in this way can action be forced in time and mistakes avoided.

Take the farming community; every worker on the land must now be regarded as a "shock trooper" in the Battle of the Atlantic.

It is not only absurd, but dangerous, that farmers are to lose many of their vital workers to the Fighting Forces.

We need more men on the land, not fewer, to grow the food without which we cannot win.

Indeed, tens of thousands more should be engaged on draining and reclaiming idle land. Mr. Lloyd George wisely urges a £100,000,000 land drainage scheme; but how can it be started without adequate labour supplies?

The Ministry of Agriculture is most anxious that the farmers should make preparations now for the winter feeding of their stocks; that they should grow kale and root crops; use available fertilisers to increase yields; and instal silos for the making of their own cattle-cake.

The Ministry is ready to give advice, and even, through the County Agricultural Committees, to lend money. It appeals, but it does not yet compel.

QUANTITIES of sulphate of ammonia are available, and 30,000 tons of molasses were recently brought across the Atlantic at the risk of brave men's lives.

So far, however, distribution has been disappointingly unequal. And yet molasses is needed to make the best silage. The Spring silage season is close upon us; and it is obviously in the national interest to disperse these valuable stocks without delay.

We do not hold the farmers free from blame in this matter, but, if the Government felt it right to insist upon additional ploughing, we see no reason why it should not insist upon any other agricultural work that it deems necessary.

John Bull is weary of arguments about playing fields, golf courses and parks that some people think should be put under the plough or turned into allotments. There is, in fact, the problem of finding men to work existing allotments.

We feel that Mr. Hudson should make up his mind about these things, decide what he wants, and see that he gets it.

In just the same way we are perturbed to find that while Mr. Bevin is energetically supplying the new streams of labour to the factories the Cabinet apparently has not been nearly so energetic in making preparations for the reception of the new workers and their utilisation.

Months ago we led a strong public demand for the appointment of an "O.C., Home Front." We felt that the country stood in urgent need of a man big enough and clever enough to co-ordinate the work of his colleagues in the Ministries of Labour, Transport, Shipping and Supplies.

In short, we hoped that Mr. Churchill could find a second-in-command able to relieve him of domestic problems.

The Premier did not see his way to accept this suggestion, but John Bull now urges him to reconsider it.

We are not, of course, advocating the setting up a minor dictator. What we suggest is someone with sufficient powers to co-ordinate effort and eliminate wasteful overlapping.

FOR THE OLD SYSTEM OF INDEPENDENT MINISTRIES IS PROVING SLOW IN ACTION, AND THE MACHINE OF GOVERNMENT IS NOT RUNNING AS SMOOTHLY AS IT SHOULD DO.

THE war has lasted for more than eighteen months, and yet we are only beginning to conscript the workers we need for our munition factories and A.R.P. services.

Reason has prevailed on the Clyde, and most of the dockers there are ready now to give the Government's guaranteed wage a trial.

But we say that labour disputes of any kind must be avoided at all costs.

By diplomacy if possible, and if not, by compulsion of masters and men alike, every war industry in these islands *must* maintain maximum output.

None of us has any right to live through this war as though we were still at peace.

Though we have here taken our leaders to task for their sometimes hesitant leadership, no man or woman has any excuse for "waiting to be told."

In uniform or out of it, our duty is clear and our responsibility inescapable.

The entire energies of the nation must be devoted to building, minding and maintaining the machinery of victory which will overtake and destroy Adolf Hitler's acoursed "chauffeurs in armour."

HUMAN MACHINE

Where do You Stand?

● Most great thinkers and writers have had plenty to say about optimism and pessimism.

But few have had better things to say than these, written by someone unknown, but whose name deserves to be a household word:

"If conditions were as hopeless as pessimists sometimes paint them, we should still have our honour; and that could not be taken from us.

"If it were true that the battle is lost, we should still have the great consolation of dying with faces towards the foe, and with scorn of fear.

"The pessimism in which a great deal of modern art is steeped *is nothing but the cursing of those who cannot look fate in the face.*

"The air of the last two decades has been filled with the cries of the panic-stricken, the disheartened, the defeated. 'The old sources of Hope are lost,' they tell us; 'the old leaders are shown to have been mistaken; the old Faiths were lies; the old enthusiasms are dead; we are defeated, and the cause is lost.'

"Well, if there are those who believe all this, let them go to the rear in silence.

"Let them give their places to men who have courage, and who have not lost hope."

These words have been written specially for those who, in these days, are faint of heart and gloomy of spirit, and who curse fate because they dare not look it in the face.

You can go up to the front, or you can creep silent and ashamed to the rear.

OPEN LETTERS

A LANDLADY, Blackpool

MADAM,—You deserve immortal notoriety as the meanest of war time landladies, a figure of ridicule for future comedians.

Some of your neighbours have turned out evacuees to make more money from summer "lettings." You are more paltry.

From each of the twenty airmen in your house you extort 1½d. a week to listen to your wireless set.

Most landladies, no doubt, will share my contempt for your miserable greed. —JOHN BULL.

Lord REITH, Minister of Public Works

MY LORD,—Keep watch on people like the Mayor and Sheriff of Southampton. Do not be influenced by their views when replanning Britain.

The Mayor asks if it would be "a good proposition to have a business road 120 ft. wide" in the new Southampton.

The Sheriff declares: "We don't want wide roads. Where there's a crowd there's business; where there's muck on a farm there's money."

Keep the crowds. Keep the traffic bottlenecks. Let's have delay and inconvenience and stuffiness!

I don't think you will agree with this old-fashioned folly. And I hope you will kill it quickly.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P., Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—I can hardly believe my ears, so revolutionary is the pensions reform at which you hint.

Now, at last, you are actually discussing whether to presume that the death of any Service man is due to war service.

I have always resented the gross injustice of denying a pension to the relatives of a man who was passed as fit for service and who died while in uniform.

There should be no more of this pettifogging meanness.

But, while on the job, why stop at half measures?

You still refuse to set up an independent tribunal to judge pension appeals until after the war. So injustices will continue.

That seems to me an inconsistent and unfair denial of an obvious right.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN PARKER, M.P., Labour Food Committee

DEAR SIR,—The big food racket you have exposed stresses the long-felt need for stricter official control.

Lorries laden with food for a blitzed town in the North never arrived.

Sheep are being slaughtered in fields and carried off to be sold for high prices in "black markets."

Cattle rustlers are raiding farms as brazenly as if they were in the Far West.

There are dishonest middlemen because the Government has done nothing to prevent speculators from entering the food business.

Ample warning is given to racketeers before the prices of any commodity are controlled. Why warn them?

You, like the whole public, must wonder if any reasonable answer can be given.

And you will agree that the Government has ample power to destroy the "black markets" and prevent further profiteering and robbery.

Ministry of Food, please note.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. JOHN G. WINANT, Friend of Britain

DEAR MADAM,—Obviously you share not only the shyness of your Ambassador husband, but also his courage.

None but a brave woman would choose to leave the quiet of an American country house for a flat in the heart of London.

I am glad you are prepared to accept the rations of an ordinary citizen. I know you are prepared for sterner trials; you are practising falling on your face.

May your stay here be, nevertheless bomb-free and happy!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN McGOVERN, M.P., No-No-Never Spokesman

SIR,—Only to be expected, I suppose, is your refusal to do fire-watching at the House of Commons. Your aversion to "helping the war machine" has been apparent ever since war began.

More curious is your view that voluntary watchers in commercial buildings should be paid at least £5 a week.

As for your demand that they should all be drawn from a new organisation of fully-trained and full-time workers, where is the vast surplus of labour from which they could be drawn?

It must have slipped your mind that volunteer wardens, engaged on even more dangerous duties, are content to be unpaid in order to defend the democracy of which you are a member.

Even you can hardly regard them as "mugs."—JOHN BULL.

FOOD CONTROLLER, Chadderton, Lancs.

DEAR SIR,—Your hands seem to be tied by festoons of red tape.

A woman, bombed out of her Salford home, came to live in your district. Naturally, she wishes to shop locally.

After making several journeys to obtain official transfer forms—spending 6d. in fares each time—she is told she must wait until your precious committee holds its next meeting.

Meanwhile she must either return to Salford to get the rations, or her family must starve.

That may be according to regulations. But it shows a damnable lack of commonsense.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. A. DICKINS, R.A.F. Education Director

DEAR SIR,—Shameful that the R.A.F. maintains a colour bar!

Coloured British subjects are fighting in Spitfires. But they cannot enlist as aircraft apprentices—so you tell the white mother of a boy whose coloured father is serving with the Forces.

Hitlerism intends that one nation shall rule the world, and all other races be treated as inferiors. Why encourage this foul philosophy?—JOHN BULL.

Col. FRANK KNOX, Secretary, U.S. Navy

DEAR SIR,—Thanks for fresh proof that ingenuity is no prerogative of the Nazis.

Britain will watch with interest your conversion—in only 45 days—of fast cargo ships into aircraft carriers.

One, nearly ready, will hold thirty 'planes, can reach eighteen knots, and cruise for 14,500 miles.

The experiment may well prove a decisive factor in winning the Battle of the Atlantic.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. S. HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Many fields are still not producing maximum crops because farmers cannot get labour to fill in bomb craters.

Two men took a week to fill in one hole. The farmer had to spend £5 in wages, plus the rent of their cottages, and lost their services from really urgent work.

You should surely meet the demand by employing non-combatant companies of the Pioneers.

No conscientious objector could protest against reclaiming land for food production.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. R. FABRICIUS, Droitwich Rural Council

DEAR SIR,—How I envy you! It must be pleasant not to know there is a war on.

"Everybody in the district is getting too idle," you aver. "People should be asked to burn their refuse.

"This year scavenging is going to cost about £2,000, and most of it is unnecessary. People are being spoon-fed."

Evidently you don't realise that every scrap of household refuse must be salvaged for war materials.

Won't you have a shock when you wake up!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Some lunatic must be responsible for declaring the blitzed towns of Swansea and Cardiff as "neutral areas."

English children have been removed to the Welsh valleys; Welsh children remain in danger.

Reverse this example of Spring madness!—JOHN BULL.

Dr. GOEBBELS, Incurable Blunderer

HERR DOKTOR,—You might obtain better results if you and your human megaphones studied elementary psychology.

For you harm your own dirty cause by allowing Berlin's English-speaking announcer to assure us that Nazi airmen "spare English churches and cathedrals" because of the German love of art.

Citizens of a score of British cities know better.—JOHN BULL.

MEET NEW QUISLINGS

Worse than a Gangster

"WARRANT for the arrest of Dr. Ante Pavelitch, of Croatia, organiser of the assassination of King Alexander of Jugoslavia and M. Barthou, Foreign Secretary of the French Republic. . . ."

SOON after I read this in French papers in 1934, writes an exiled Austrian journalist, I wasn't surprised to hear that Dr. Ante Pavelitch had "safely reached Italy," and that Mussolini's Fascist government had refused a French request for the extradition of the sinister Balkan terrorist and assassin.

To-day, Pavelitch has emerged from his Italian hide-out to become the Hitler-appointed ruler of a fake-new state, Croatia, formed by the Nazis on the territory of the newly conquered parts of Jugoslavia.

It is an appointment in the true Nazi style.

Pavelitch is a cynical intellectual like Goebbels, vain like Goering, and cruel and cunning like Himmler.

Probably no other man has ever made such a scientific study of all methods of terrorism political assassination and gangsterism.

Ruthless Savage Men

Leader of Oustachi, the Balkan terror organisation, Pavelitch has agents in all Balkan countries.

They are ruthless, savage men, supplied with plenty of money and any number of foreign passports, modern weapons and bombs of all kinds.

I had a glimpse of the scientific methods by which Pavelitch's gang has been trained.

Shortly after the assassination of Alexander, I visited Janka Puszta, a farm in Hungary, which had served them as headquarters in 1933 and 1934.

There all the plans for the murder at Marseilles had been laid.

Dr. Ante Pavelitch has made a sinister science of murder and terror. No job has ever been too dirty for him to carry out

A modern shooting range enabled the selected killers to learn and practise the intricacies of their guns. A printing press had been installed to produce faked passports. A fireproof cellar had housed arms and ammunition enough to wipe out a few regiments, let alone shoot a single King.

Not before they had received the most careful instructions, not before plans had been laid for their escape to prearranged hiding-places, not before the minutest detail in the murder plot had been settled did Pavelitch dismiss the murderers as successful graduates of his unique school for terrorism.

Hidden in Italy

They went, they carried out their crimes; one of them was murdered on the spot, others caught, arrested and tried.

But Pavelitch himself had reached his own prearranged hiding-place; in Italy, near his Chief Boss Mussolini.

He remained there, except for short periods when Mussolini lent him to his fellow-dictator across the Brenner.

Whenever Balkan affairs interested the dictators, Pavelitch was called in and Hitler and Mussolini could always count on the support of the Oustachi. Whether they wanted to smuggle bombs into the luggage of Mr. Rendel, the British Minister in Bulgaria, or a Hungarian statesman had been "condemned to death" by Hitler—Pavelitch and his men were ready to carry out the task.

Now Pavelitch has received a reward.

For the short period during which the gallant Jugoslavs are forced to abandon territory to the Nazi invader he is in power over a strip of land.

A more foul, more dangerous, more ruthless Quisling there never was.

But the day will come when justice will reach Pavelitch and his two masters north and south of Jugoslavia.

In the Nursery for Russia

HITLER has his "Quislings" ready for Russia.

In the Ukraine there is a colony of Germans. They have been perfectly happy there, but at the moment that suits him Goebbels will focus his familiar torture close-up on them.

A year before war broke out, the Nazis were busily nursing the "Ukrainian People's Union." Aim of this movement was proclaimed to be the liberation of Ukraine from the Soviet yoke.

Then, when Hitler suddenly concluded his pact with Stalin, the Union faded away. Its German-sponsored leader, a young man named Skoropadski, nephew of the Hetman of Ukraine in the turbulent years after the Bolshevik revolution, was politely told that he was now inconvenient!

Embittered and disappointed, he went to France, where he met Werner von Alvensleben, another Nazi trouble-maker, who had temporarily fallen out of favour.

Alvensleben belongs to an old Prussian family of aristocrats. As a young officer he had to leave the Army because of his affairs with women.

Regained Commission

He went to Canada. In 1914 he returned to Germany and regained his commission for bravery in the field.

In the chaotic days after Germany's collapse, he founded a Free Corps.

Later he went off to help the Hetman of the Ukraine, and just managed to slip out before the Bolshevik armies came.

Back in Berlin, he formed the Anti-Bolshevik League, and it was then he caught the attention of Hitler.

Werner von Alvensleben, dandy and notorious for his affairs with women, regained Hitler's favour after being in disgrace

They soon came to terms.

Alvensleben promised to use his social connections to further the National Socialist cause in military circles.

First he convinced the Reichswehr that the Nazi movement was useful.

General von Schleicher, acknowledged head of the Reichswehr, had several meetings with Hitler.

But when Schleicher was Chancellor, Hitler took his chance, intrigued with Papen against him, and was himself made Chancellor.

Alvensleben, Schleicher's go-between, was furious.

On the eve of this weighty event he raced to Potsdam and tried to win over the garrison for a *coup d'état*. But the officers hesitated, and Hitler won the day.

Hitler's Revenge

On June 30, 1934, Hitler took his revenge. Schleicher and his wife were shot dead, and Alvensleben was put in a concentration camp.

Only the far-reaching influence of his family saved him from death. He was released and went into exile in France.

Now he is back in Berlin with the young "Hetman" Skoropadski, both feverishly building up the resurrected "Ukrainian People's Union."

That's one section of the Quisling Gang for Russia.

Others are being nursed.

Lithuanian "refugees from Soviet oppression" are welcomed demonstrably in East Prussia by the Nazi Welfare Organisation.

In Finland, "technical experts" are busy. They profess that they are merely helping in the modernisation of the Finnish army.

Background of all this renewed activity is a detailed report by the Reich Association of German Industry pointing out that Russia has most of the urgently needed raw materials, but, despite all agreements, is not exporting it.

"Haw Haw" Envies This Faker

IN Goebbel's Propaganda Ministry in Berlin, "Lord Haw Haw" looks enviously at a colleague, an "Afghan nobleman," who is allowed to use the propaganda microphone more and more and daily and hourly pours Nazi propaganda into Iran, Iraqui, Arabia.

He is dark skinned and wears a turban and flowing robes.

His well-paid job is to make the Near East affable to Nazi wishes, to undermine their will to resist a Nazi smash-and-grab of their oil and their countries.

* * *

To many people his face will seem familiar, even though they don't number Eastern princes among their acquaintances.

But most of them will go on being puzzled because they will have no chance of reading a book that sweeps aside the picturesque disguise of Jahia Bey Hassan—that's the name he goes by in Berlin.

In this book the anti-Nazi publisher, Hermann Ullstein, reveals that Hitler's Arabian Haw Haw is none other than a former Viennese journalist named Mayerhoefer.

"I was," says Ullstein, "sitting in my Cairo hotel room one day in 1928 when a man sent up his card and asked to see me. On the card was 'Jahia Bey Hassan.'

"When he entered the room I recognised him at once. It was Mayerhoefer, my former Istanbul correspondent. I had not heard of him since 1916. He told me his story.

"'Hassan' fought in the Austrian army against the Russians. He was captured and taken to the Caucasus, where he was held prisoner until one night the chains on his prison cell rattled and a dark figure motioned him to get up and follow.

"He passed his prison warder who lay drunk on the floor with a bottle of vodka by his side.

"A car waited outside, and with the dark and veiled figure Mayerhoefer entered it. As the car roared across the border into Iran the figure lifted the veil, and Mayerhoefer recognised an Afghan Princess whom he had known some years ago.

"She had discovered that he was imprisoned and had organised his escape.

"Mayerhoefer married her, became an Afghan, took the Mohammedan faith, and changed his name to Jahia Bey Hassan.

* * *

"'Hassan' always wanted to return to Europe. He arrived in Berlin just as Hitler took power.

"Soon he offered his services to the Nazis and was sent on various missions to the Near East.

"When war broke out he accepted a post as Nazi radio commentator, carefully disguising his European race and posing to the Asian peoples as a well-meaning compatriot, teaching them the gospel of Hitler."

No doubt he is being kept in view as another possible "Quisling."

"DRAKE'S BROOD"

Another article in this stirring series will appear next week.

IT'S NOW A RAMP!

THERE is no doubt about it—the fish scandal goes from bad to worse.

Though I criticised this ramp only a few weeks ago, I must return to the attack because of continued dissatisfaction with the distribution and cost of fish generally.

Financial loss runs throughout the industry. Allegations of gross profiteering are so common that the Ministry of Food must investigate without any further delay.

After many protest meetings had been held by trade committees and angry retailers, the Ministry issued a Control Order covering the prices of Icelandic cod. This came into force on March 31.

An Experiment

Price control of fish is regarded by the Ministry as one of its most intricate problems, and the Order has been introduced as an experiment. If it works out well, "controlled" prices of other fish might follow.

Although this Order has only been in force about three weeks its provisions are already being side-tracked.

One of the most knowledgeable men in the industry confirms the fact that the worst scandal is a form of blackmail which wholesalers and middlemen are using on retailers—particularly the small ones who rely for their living on the sale of fish in little shops and from market stalls.

Despite Ministry of Food Regulations, they are compelled to pay prices far above those fixed for Icelandic cod and those which came into force for herrings and kippers about a year ago.

A retailer with a small shop in West London went to Billingsgate Market about ten days ago. The prices quoted to him by several salesmen were 3d. and 4d. per lb. over the fixed prices.

Protests from him were unavailing; he was told he could like it or lump it.

His customers wanted fish, so he had to pay through the nose for it and try to cut his losses by selling other commodities he had not traded in before.

He complained about his and other fish retailers' experiences to the man I have already mentioned. "Well, go to the Ministry of Food," he advised him, "and give them the names of the racketeers and their invoices."

The little man shrugged his shoulders. "That would be worse than my shop's worth," he answered. "I'd be pushed out of the trade."

Improper manipulation in the weight of fish at many distributing centres is one of the chief methods by which profiteers are getting round the Ministry's new Order.

Boxes Below Weight

Herrings, for instance, are mostly sold to retailers in boxes containing three and a half stones. Lately they have been much below weight.

If the buyer protests, he is told that it must be the fault of the merchant at the quayside and that one can't afford to be too exacting in war time and when fish is so scarce!

So, unless he passes on the trick to his customers, he finds his small range of profit considerably depleted.

When this weighty juggiery was reported to the proper quarters a few days ago, an official merely retorted that the Weights and Measures Act was full of complications and left much to be desired. The matter would be borne in mind when the next amendments were made!

Men now risk death to bring home your fish and deserve good pay—but there is profiteering which must be stopped

Resentment is also sweeping the industry, among small retailers particularly, over the issue of licences to people who never traded in fish before the war.

Rush for Licences

It was ordered by the Food Ministry at the beginning of the war that all firms wanting to sell fish must apply to the local Food Control committee for a licence before they can sell to the public.

More recently there has been a rush of applications from the smallest general shop to the largest multiple store.

And in a large number of cases licences have been granted to concerns which, short of trade in their own lines, have adopted the retailing of fish to the detriment of the established fishmonger and fish frier.

How many housewives have lately looked with surprise at kippers, herrings, bloaters and other fish being displayed for sale in chain stores and big multiple concerns which have never before had them on sale?

Is it surprising that the small man is embittered and furious?

The high prices of fish, and the uneven distribution of cooking fats, have forced a thousand fried-fish shops to close since the beginning of the year in the North-West country alone.

Trickery Prices

In order to make a living many fishmongers have themselves resorted to trickery in selling fish to customers.

Herrings, for instance, sold in their entirety have a controlled price of 7d. per lb. If fishmongers cut off their heads, fillet them, or sell them in halves, they *can charge anything they can get.*

Uncontrolled fish, such as skate, can be sold at any price a customer can be made to pay.

One night recently fishermen had a wonderful catch of grey mullet at Sennen Cove, Cornwall. The Newlyn Market price was from 6d. to 8d. per lb.

The next day grey mullet was on sale in neighbouring towns at 2s. per lb., and a day or two later in places farther away at 2s. 6d. per lb.

The fishermen who risked their lives were told that the prices paid them must be small owing to the size of the catch, but the middlemen lost no time in distributing the fish at a large profit to themselves.

That there is urgent need for an official inquiry into every aspect of the trade is more obvious than ever when one compares to-day's figures with those in force this time last year;

	1940.	1941.
Cod	51s. to 94s.	256s. to 314s.
Haddock ..	52s. to 106s.	192s. to 220s.
Lemon Sole	92s. to 166s.	240s. to 370s.
Plaice	90s. to 122s.	170s. to 356s.
Hake	66s. to 172s.	270s. to 410s.

Come, Lord Woolton, what can be done about it? What action is to follow the first results of your Fish Experiment Number One?

"Cheat the Forces" Racket

NUMEROUS are the tricks being played on Service men on leave.

Worst are those employed by well-dressed touts who frequent hotels, cafés, welfare centres, railway stations and other hostelries to entice troops to drinking clubs and gaming haunts.

Two young officers from Scotland were approached by one in London's West End a few days ago, who invited them to "a safe little club where you can get drink all night, dance, meet pretty girls, and have a wonderful time. . . ."

They paid an entrance fee of five shillings, bought expensive drinks for hostesses who extracted fees for dancing with them, and finally, hopelessly drunk, found themselves near Piccadilly Circus, without the least recollection of where the "safe little club" was, and minus more than £12.

A Canadian soldier who was enticed with some friends to one of these establishments stumbled into a First Aid post in the early hours, and, asking that certain facial wounds should be treated, said he had been robbed of at least £30. He did not know the address of the club, and was very anxious about the fate of three soldier friends who had gone there with him.

Complaints made that young R.A.F. men were being taken to a club in Gerrard Street, Soho, led the police to watch the premises and close it down.

A similar problem exists in many provincial towns—in Liverpool recently, for example, wounded men were seen under the influence of drink at all hours of the day, visiting or leaving one den called "The Knotty Ash Social Club."

Another profitable racket is being worked on relatives of men who have been moved abroad. In several towns victims have paid advance fees to crooks who pretended that they had means of finding Service men's new overseas addresses within a few days. They all vanished when they had obtained their "fees."

Preying on members of the Forces or their relatives is a despicable business, and I'd like to see offenders dealt with much more speedily than has so far been the case.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. OWEN DAVIES, Harold Legat, Maesquichen, Bangor, N. Wales, receives this week's £1 1s. Facts he sent me about a certain matter are most interesting for my records.

Write to me about any subject needing enquiry or editorial comment. Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

M.P.s MUST STOP THIS MEANNESS

WIDOWS of Servicemen killed or disabled in road accidents are in an unhappy plight.

They have been refused pensions and cannot obtain compensation in any other direction.

Sergeant McGurk, for example, was killed when a lorry on which he was riding collided with another Army vehicle.

His widow was informed that a pension could not be granted under the terms of the Warrant because her husband's death was not attributable to military service.

In other words, the sergeant did not die from wounds inflicted in battle or injuries caused through enemy action.

* * *

A serving soldier, he died through a street accident and, in the circumstances, his distracted widow must rest content with the official refusal to make her any grant.

Of course, I can quite understand the Minister of Pensions' position. He is bound by terms of the Warrant.

Gunner Daniel Hendrie, Royal Artillery, was knocked down and killed by an Army truck. His widow, also, has been refused a pension.

A friend who took the matter up was informed that nothing could be done, as death was not "due to or materially hastened by a wound, injury or disease which was directly attributable to military service during the war."

There have been several other instances of this kind, and the matter was recently raised in the House of Commons, where Sir Walter Womersley, Pensions Minister, explained how he was debarred from giving pensions because the Warrant did not provide for such cases.

* * *

He added that all such applications to him, when turned down, were automatically passed on to the War Office for attention.

As the War Office has obviously done nothing to help the widows in the two cases I have cited I had special inquiries made at the War Office, Admiralty and Air Ministry to try to discover what action, if any, is taken when these departments are thus approached.

All I can discover is that "sympathetic attention" is paid and that "grants *may* be made."

If a civilian is killed on the way to work, or during his working hours, in a street accident, one cannot expect his employers to compensate his widow.

But where, as in the case of Sergeant McGurk, death occurred through the lorry in which he was riding colliding with *another Army vehicle*, surely something should be done by the Government for his dependants?

WITH BEVIN'S ARMY : IV—Maurice Fagence tells how he found men in the bowels of the earth making the deadliest explosive known—and of girls who have deserted counters for cordite workshops

Inside every canister of death we call a mine you will find the work of women's hands

A Sea Battle is Born!

LESS than a year ago six very presentable young women walked into six different employment exchanges and asked for war work.

One had stepped right out of the glass coffin of a cigarette kiosk.

Another had grown to hate seedy ledgers.

A third was in revolt against selling model hats to selfish women who clamoured for the best of everything, even in war time.

One of the others had seen her husband off to sea—and didn't want the boredom of cooking for herself.

They found themselves sharing a comfortable little workshop, remote from any other.

They were given stuff that looked like sticks of butterscotch and had to reject every stick that contained a bubble.

They "blended" the perfect sticks—a clean, interesting job that need not be described here.

And all the time they "blended" they sang. They were singing on the day that news arrived of the walloping of the Italian fleet at Cape Matapan.

Louder than ever, I should imagine—for the news of *Warspite* sinking the cruiser *Fiume* with one broadside and the *Zara* with the next was cheering to any British heart.

Reason for Singing

They were joining in a chorus at the moment the face of their superintendent—a naval captain, head of their factory—appeared at their door.

Then they found what good reason they had to sing.

He had called to thank them for their part in winning the Battle of Cape Matapan.

He congratulated them on their help in smacking the face of Mussolini.

For the "butterscotch" which they examine and blend is cordite, the propellent of naval shells.

And they—with hundreds of others who had yet to receive congratulations—had helped to make the charges that sent every round of *Warspite's* two miraculous broadsides to the points at which they hurt most.

I have just spent two days in this wonder cordite factory of the Admiralty from which the guns of the *Warspite* (and every other British warship) are fed.

I could have stayed another two days—and still left big tracts unexplored.

Factory ill describes so gigantic a concern.

It is a complete self-contained township, making its own electricity, generating its own gas, supplying its own water—even mending its own locomotives.

In fact, every service is provided in duplicate—sometimes in triplicate. I don't know many cities of which that can be said.

Naval Efficiency

Of the efficiency of the place, I could be content with pointing out that it is typical of the British Navy.

But in case you don't realise what a great compliment that implies, I could give an example:

In two days of searching I found one article going to waste—a brass screw, one inch long, that was lying in a roadway!

Officials accompanying me were appalled at my discovery.

To allay their discomfort I pointed out that it was slightly bent—but it made no difference.

"There is a place even for bent screws," they told me angrily, "and it should have been there."

I started my examination of cordite making at a mountain of white crystal that might have served as a film setting for the chalk cliffs of Dover—if it hadn't been so brilliantly white.

So big is it that you might imagine that Nature had dumped it there.

But it is nitrate of soda—the basis of all explosives. Every spadeful of it has been brought from Chile.

A voice by my side told me that without nitrates you couldn't have explosives—not even the harmless match.

I looked at the sparkling white of it again—and saw it now as a hideous mistake of Nature.

By Another Name

Next I stood before a mountain that was as black as the other was white.

Iron pyrites, this. You used to buy it at sixpence a tiny piece as a crystal for your wireless set.

General Franco sells us all we want.

From the one mountain begins one process, from the black mountain another—and where the two processes meet you have cordite.

But what surprises there are on the way.

At one stage the iron pyrites has to be burned to release the sulphur for the making of sulphuric acid.

It burns in huge, five-decker ovens for eighteen months at a time—with fresh pyrites always trickling in from the top and the residue trickling away at the bottom.

Huge red-hot arms whirl round in the white-hot mass, stirring the hissing mixture. These arms weigh two hundredweight.

Yet, when they are burnt out, the naval ex-stokers employed whisk them out and replace them with new—and cold—ones in the space of less than ten minutes.

I heard one great tribute paid to these retired stokers.

After black-out, it is safer for them to do their work in utter darkness, herculean though it is.

There was no need to ask them—much less coax them.

"There is nothing a naval ex-stoker will not do, and do happily, if it means winning this war," I was told.

Next the gas that is to become sulphuric acid moves forward through a plant that extracts the arsenic.

At one time it has to come into contact with 24 lb. of platinum, the metal that is so much more precious than gold.

And so, at last, the purest sulphuric acid in the world is obtained.

Meanwhile, starting at the white mountain, the parallel process is yielding the purest nitric acid possible.

There are laboratory tests of both at all stages.

At every stage the standard of purity must be higher than the medical standard.

That's the sort of cockeyed world we live in.

And here a word as to the cleanliness of the plant—which is one of the biggest surprises of the place.

Workshops and plant employed in the dirtiest processes are as clean as in many food manufacturing factories I have visited.

In the others, floors are as clean as those of a Dutch kitchen, machinery as bright as the chromium radiator of a brand-new car.

And now the processes become more delicate—and more involved.

It would not be in the public interest to give them in detail.

Too Explosive!

At one stage I witnessed the manufacture of the deadliest explosive known to science.

I was told there could never be a more deadly one.

If you could fill a bomb with it and drop it on a town it would level it.

But so sensitive is it that it would explode before you could get it on a lorry.

Anyway, if it didn't, it would go off before the lorry reached the station.

If you could get it on a train it would explode as soon as you reached a set of points

Put it on a warship, and the slamming of a door would explode it.

Pack it into an aeroplane and the shock of taking-off would be quite enough.

But you needn't have any nightmares about it. Science will never be able to find a way of enabling it to be used in warfare.

I was allowed to watch the making of this devil's brew.

I had to burrow into the bowels of the earth to do so—to a point at which no bomb ever made can reach it.

The care taken in the manufacture of it is extraordinary.

Men with their hands on levers watch clock faces which record the temperature of the product.

A rise of ten degrees or so above the normal, and they pull a lever—and the explosive goes through the floor into deep water.

One-Hour Vigils

So intent must they be on watching these temperature dials that they are relieved after one hour of vigil.

Tremendous care has to be taken in moving this explosive.

It is suspended in a soft rubber stretcher borne on rubber wheels which move along grooves in soft asphalt—and then at a snail's pace.

But it never leaves the factory except as a small constituent part of cordite—which can be handled quite freely.

It is never allowed near enough to the factory buildings to endanger them or the workers in them.

Nitro-cellulose is another constituent part of cordite.

The bulkiest part of it starts as paper. In the multitude of different processes it takes on the appearance of mud, porridge, milk and dust.

It is an explosive on its own, and a very deadly one, but it never leaves the factory as such.

Cordite, it should be emphasised, is a little gentleman compared with some of the explosives used in its manufacture.

I saw it squeezed, dried, pushed through holes to emerge as sticks, chopped, and maltreated in countless other ways.

It throws shells weighing two tons over twenty or so miles—but it will not explode.

What it does in the gun is to burn—extremely rapidly, it is true. Thus it releases gases which, struggling to get their freedom, project the huge mass of metal.

It Doesn't Bang

It is usual to ask: "If it doesn't explode, why does it go off with a bang."

The answer is that it doesn't.

Put your finger in a thimble and flick it out suddenly and you will get a "plonk."

A shell leaving a gun (with its accompanying train of gases) makes the same plonk on a bigger scale.

People think it is the gun-charge exploding—when cordite is far too decent to do any such thing!

No non-technical picture could do even part justice to the laboratory assistants who are checking at every stage.

Quality, quality, quality is the first cry. Cleanliness comes next. Quantity long after that.

You mustn't run in an explosive factory. A running man suggests danger. Others might run. You might well cause panic.

Safety comes before speed.

Quality first, quantity afterwards. How brilliantly *Warspite* proved that truth.

Two broadsides of seven shells each—and every shell a hit. Two Italian warships lost in consequence.

That because British gunners were firing British shells

The Italians were heard firing throughout the night—nobody in the British Fleet knows at what.

They pinned their hopes on quantity—and not one British ship was hit.

AMERICA'S BIG

"A PEOPLE is not defeated in battle, but only in its soul," said General Smuts the other day. And he added, "the soul of the British people is invincible."

That is a noble tribute from a great man who was once our foe, and who is to-day one of the chief pillars of the firmament of freedom.

If the tribute is just, as I believe it is, the fact is due to the greatness of our cause and the constancy of our people.

We are not unduly elated or unduly rattled by the ups and downs of war. We take the rough with the smooth. We look beyond the immediate event to the larger movements which are shaping the ultimate decision.

IN THOSE LARGER MOVEMENTS WE HAVE EVERY GROUND FOR SHARING GENERAL SMUTS' CONFIDENCE IN WHAT THAT DECISION WILL BE.

Take one example. Hitler is very much worried by the shadow of Roosevelt which is spreading over the world scene.

When he began the war he had not reckoned on this. He was convinced and proclaimed that all would be over, and Britain and the British Fleet would be his, before the United States could take sides or play any part in the struggle.

The Battle of Britain upset this calculation. For this reason it will probably live in history as the most decisive battle of the war—perhaps the most momentous event in the history of civilisation.

It broke the hurricane drive and brought the United States upon the scene.

And all Hitler's manœuvres now are governed by this fact.

He is desperately anxious to avoid an open conflict with the United States. If he dared to declare war on that country he has abundant ground for doing so.

Every action of President Roosevelt has become a challenge. He sends us warships and shares our naval and air bases.

He seizes enemy merchantmen, prosecutes the crews that try to sabotage them, and puts the vessels at our service.

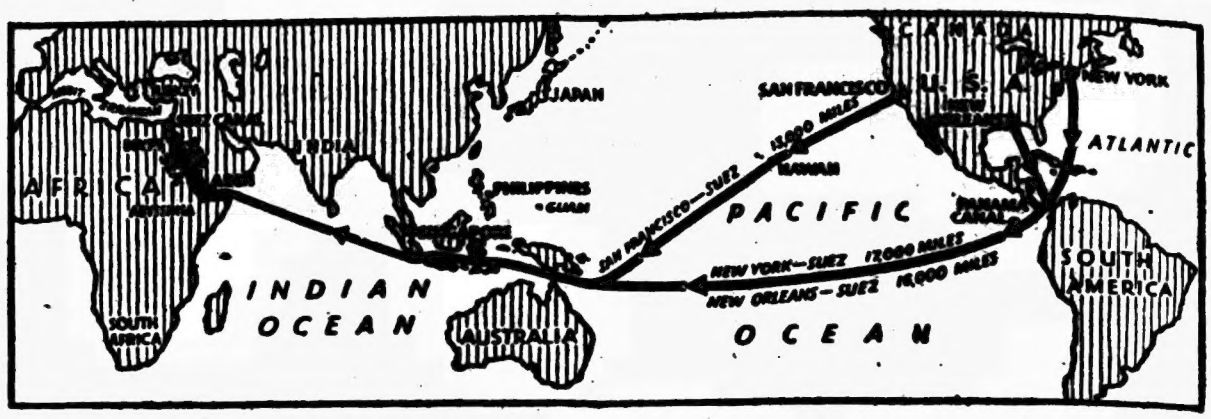
HE HAS CONVERTED HIS COUNTRY INTO OUR ARSENAL, REGARDLESS OF QUESTIONS OF CASH, AND HAS DECLARED HIMSELF THE INFLEXIBLE ENEMY OF THE GANGSTER POWERS.

When Hitler, through his dummy governments, protests to Washington, the protests are dismissed curtly, almost contemptuously.

The poor puppet, Mussolini, is ordered to bellow indignantly about the seizure of ships, and is brushed aside as if he were an office-boy.

When President Roosevelt takes Danish Greenland under the protection of the Monroe doctrine, Hitler instructs the Danish Government to object, but Washington does not even listen.

Hitler orders the recall of the Danish Minister at Washington, who has sanctioned the transfer of the Danish ships in United States harbours, but the Minister refuses to budge, and Mr. Roosevelt continues to negotiate with him as the true representative of Denmark's interests.



A. G. GARDINER, no wishful-thinker, steps behind the smoke of battle and sees Roosevelt's lengthening shadow worrying Hitler. Look how American ships will reach the Red Sea—and read what it means

Most immediately disturbing to Hitler is the Red Sea affair.

IN DECLARING THAT THE RED SEA IS NO LONGER A BELLIGERENT AREA, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HAS STRUCK TWO HEAVY BLOWS AT HITLER'S PLANS.

He is able to send munitions direct to the Middle East in American ships.

This means an enormous saving of time and tonnage, which may well have a vital effect upon events in the Eastern Mediterranean.

But it means more than that. Every shipload sent direct from America to the Suez, as Sir Arthur Salter has said, means a ship of our own released for the Atlantic.

And it is the Battle of the Atlantic, even more than the Battle of the Balkans, on which Hitler stakes his hopes. He must win that battle or lose the war.

And, apart from Mr. Roosevelt's action in regard to the Red Sea, there is ground for thinking that the tide is turning against Hitler in the Atlantic struggle.

His two great raiders, the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, are trapped in Brest harbour, and we may conclude that they will never emerge.

If that is so the most formidable menace to our Atlantic life-line will disappear.

There are other raiders which will doubtless be heard of in the near future, but none so dangerous as these two swift and powerful battle cruisers.

MOREOVER, the United States is now so fully alive to the fact that the freedom of the Atlantic is as much its concern as ours that, short of a declaration of war, Mr. Roosevelt will stop at nothing that will secure our victory.

I AM NO PROPHET, BUT IF I WERE ASKED TO HAZARD A GUESS I WOULD SAY WITH SOME KNOWLEDGE AND WITH SOME CONFIDENCE THAT BY THE MIDDLE OF THE SUMMER THE ISSUE OF THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC WILL BE FORESHADOWED—AND NOT IN HITLER'S FAVOUR.

And one of the factors in the decision will be the opening up of the Red Sea to American shipping.

But even this has not tempted Hitler to make an open quarrel with Roosevelt. He has set his Italian underling again the task of scaring America out of the Red Sea with the fear of dire consequences if her ships go there.

As there are no enemy warships left afloat in the Red Sea it is not likely that President Roosevelt will lose any sleep as the result of the Italian fulminations.

It is the same anxiety about Roosevelt that explains Hitler's negotiations with Matsuoka. That worthy has now returned to Tokyo with a new pact with the Sphinx of Moscow in his pocket.

What that pact means is not very clear. Nor does it much matter. Pacts with these gentry are mere pipe-lighters.

WHAT does matter is the part which Matsuoka is to play in the Far East in the Axis interest. That part is not difficult to read.

IT IS NOT TO BRING THE UNITED STATES OFFICIALLY INTO THE WAR. MATSUOKA WANTS THAT EVEN LESS THAN HITLER DOES.

He wants it less for two reasons. One is that he has his hands still pretty full in China, and American intervention would be great news for Chiang Kai-shek.

The other is that Japan is too dependent on the United States and the Dutch East Indies for her military supplies to want war.

But, short of war, Matsuoka's role is to keep the Pacific pot boiling with such menace that President Roosevelt will remain, officially at all events, out of the war on the Atlantic front lest he should be caught between two fires.

In this gamble, the risk seems with Japan and the gain with Hitler. War or no war Matsuoka's part would be invaluable to Hitler, but in the event of war it is not easy to see that Hitler could be very helpful to Matsuoka.

PUSH

No doubt Matsuoka's pact with Stalin, purchased at Stalin's own price, is a part of the Axis strategy.

It is designed to impress President Roosevelt with the fact that in the event of hostilities in the Pacific Japan would have no fear of a stab in the back from Russia.

It is not to be supposed that so astute a person as President Roosevelt does not see the meaning of all this manœuvring. He sees it and is undeterred by it.

HE IS MOVING WITH THE SWIFTNESS AND BOLDNESS OF A MAN WHO IS VERY SURE OF HIS GOAL.

The action in Greenland and in the Red Sea, his seizure of enemy ships, his closer relations with us in the matter of air bases, his transfer of destroyers and revenue cutters to us to help us in the Battle of the Atlantic, his gigantic preparations for possible war—all this casts his shadow over Hitler's sky.

That shadow will grow and deepen. For in this struggle for the soul of the world the whole English-speaking peoples are irrevocably committed to a common victory over Satanism.

And the soul of those peoples, in the words of General Smuts, is invincible.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

WILL THE POPE'S APPEAL SUCCEED?

● Time after time, the Pope and his predecessor have broadcast from the Vatican appealing to the nations.

It has never seemed to have had any effect, even on the Italians, nearly all of whom are devout Roman Catholics.

At Easter, his Holiness, denouncing the war as "atrocious," asked belligerents to spare unarmed women and children, the sick and aged, and civilians generally.

But the Pope will appeal in vain.

It is a deliberate part of Hitler's policy to subjugate, by force and cruelty, all civilians after the military have been defeated.

And as, to-day, Mussolini is under Hitler's thumb, little better can be expected from him. Anyway, his treatment of the Abyssinians was satanically cruel.

Not all the speeches or pleas that could be uttered will, in these grim days, have any effect, however well-meaning or high-placed may be those who utter them.

ARE "OFFICIAL SPOKESMEN" FRANK?

● During recent weeks, even our own official spokesmen have lost caste.

The sudden reverse in Libya was glossed over, day after day, until at last there had to be very frank Press criticism.

The truth seems to be that, except when the Premier himself addresses Parliament or makes one of his too infrequent speeches on the air, subordinate spokesmen dodge the issue.

Is it deliberate policy or a dodging of the issue by individuals?

The public could not understand why, a few weeks after bells were rung and flags hung in nearly every street in Australia celebrating the capture of Benghazi, the Germans suddenly walked into it, and then captured three generals.

Yet, day after day, official spokesmen, when talking of the Libyan situation, used the most optimistic of words.

Churchill won the nation's confidence by his frankness.

If the policy of inducing an unfounded optimism is a calculated one, it is a peril to the Commonwealth, one that should be immediately altered.

WHY LEAVE THE NEGUS OUT?

● Every Sunday evening, on the air, they play the national anthems of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Belgium, Holland, "Free France," Yugoslavia, and finally the British Commonwealth, always called "the British Empire."

I am asked why the Abyssinian national anthem is not included.

The obvious explanation is that the Foreign Office was so slow in reversing its policy of cold-shouldering the Negus and including him as an ally that I doubt if anyone could find a tactful time to include Abyssinia's anthem among the rest.

But then, who cares anyway? The repetition, once a week, of all those dreary dirges is anything but inspiring.

They merely remind us how, one after the other, countries which remained neutral too long, because of our diplomatic blundering, were, as a consequence, rolled over by the Juggernaut of Nazidom.

More vigour is needed in our war policy. National anthems, in these tragic days, sound too much like dope.

WHY ARE GERMANS SCARED OF BAYONETS?

● It was demonstrated in France, and it would seem to be true in Greece, that even the crack Nazi units cannot face up to cold steel.

In Flanders, they deliberately evaded British bayonets, turning, wherever they faced them, to the right to fight the Belgians, or to the left to tackle the French.

For some reason, German soldiers have never relished hand-to-hand fighting. Psychologists have never satisfactorily explained it.

Thus different nations have their own strengths and weaknesses. The French, for instance, were seldom good in retreat.

It is at hand-to-hand fighting that the British Tommy is at his best.

It has usually been in the higher command of war that our nation has failed, and the German has been superior.

ARE WE USING OUR MAN-POWER?

● It seemed most ironical that, this Easter, when Ministers were still making speeches on how everybody had to work harder, some factories were so badly run that I know of a charwoman who said on Easter Monday that all her eleven children, all engaged on war work, were taking the day off because there was nothing for them to do!

The Minister of Labour can find the men, and he seems to do so.

But until those in charge of the factories behave with a greater efficiency, our man-power will go on being wasted in the most scandalous way.

I thought that we were supposed to work this Easter. I did, just as usual.

But reports from all over the country show that many thousands treated it as an ordinary holiday.

The slave populations of the conquered lands did not have the day off.

Good Friday may have been sacred to them, but they had to work just the same. As for Easter Monday, few of them, even in peacetime, have ever heard of such a thing.

ARGUE IT OUT — **BY PALLAS**

This is Our Greatest Weapon

BETWEEN Ovid and King George VI stretches the imposing yet pitiable pageant of mankind—his history of wars, of blunders, of tragedies, of shafts of happiness in the gloom of strife and the few rare periods when the whole of the world was at peace.

Yet over the gap of years is a bridge linking the classic writer with the monarch.

King George, visiting Weston-super-Mare, said to members of his party: "This is our greatest weapon—the spirit of the people."

Ovid in his "Metamorphoses" refers to "A spirit superior to every weapon."

The King can speak on this subject with authority.

In his desire to share the sufferings and tribulations of his people he has visited the bombed areas of Coventry, Sheffield, Swansea and other towns that have caught the full fury of the murdering Luftwaffe.

Bombs have been dropped on and around Buckingham Palace.

The King, like his people, has accepted with quiet fortitude the blows of the Nazi terrorists.

* * *

In his tours of the devastated towns and cities the King has seen the effects of the blitz on rich and poor alike.

Humble homes and shattered mansions, big stores and one-man shops have suffered in indiscriminate bombing.

People without homes, people who have lost their all, people who wonder vaguely what the future has in store, people whose minds are still dazed by the twin hell of fire and high explosive have lined debris-strewn streets and cheered as the King went by.

There has been no hysteria in their welcome—only a gesture which tells of endurance, of an unshakable faith in the cause we are fighting.

That faith is the rock on which the spirit of the people rests.

* * *

It shows itself in strange, unaccountable ways. It is in the humorous notices chalked up outside blasted shops; it is in the countless acts of bravery and devotion which have marked air attacks on all our cities.

It is alive in the young; it burns as ardently in the hearts of the old. It is at once our spur and our salvation.

In this country to-day the spirit of Britain shines like a radiant, steadfast flame in a misty, shadowy world of grim, grey monotone.

It has inspired our craftsmen to work with a vigour and determination that have transformed industry.

It is reflected in the grey uniform of bus "clippies," in the garb of the land girl, in the drivers of the M.T.C., whose voluntary labours are exacting and arduous.

It has united Britain into a mighty army of crusaders—an army on whose efforts rests all that man has won so dearly, all the rights and privileges of Democracy.

The spirit of the people is unconquerable because it is a spirit based not on material things, but on the realisation that the conflict is one between Christianity and paganism, between the powers of light and the powers of darkness.

Questions of economics, of "lebensraum," of imperialism have been swept aside.

They are not the issues—the issue is one between faith in the cause of the free peoples and belief in the power of steel-clad terrorism.

Nowhere in Britain will you find this faith in our cause so strong as it is in the ravaged towns and cities.

Those who have suffered go back doubly eager to their jobs. In their labour and unremitting toil lies the answer to the blindness of the Nazis, who seek to weaken Britain's morale.

Other countries suffered from Nazi onslaughts—and capitulated. The once proud spirit of France is trampled in the dust. But the spirit of Britain remains firm, unassailable.

It *is* our greatest weapon.

* * *

But only when transformed into terms of effort; only when realisation of constant sacrifice and constant vigil comes is it the weapon which will ultimately conquer.

More than courage, more than endurance, more than fortitude, it is the unseen force against which the Nazis have hurled, and will hurl, their legions in vain.

If the shade of Ovid moves in some classic paradise he will surely agree that the spirit of which he wrote was never exemplified by a nation as it is by Britain to-day.

VOICE of the PEOPLE

JUST turned twenty, I have been medically examined in the "nineteens call-up."

Much to my surprise—and disappointment—I have been told that I am medically unfit for military service.

When I asked the reason I was told: "We are not allowed to tell you."

Why the secrecy? Surely, if there is anything wrong with me, the sooner I know the better.—W. Hepplewhite, Pitcroft Road, Northend, Portsmouth.

Many boards tell. Some of the doctors, however, maintain that it is your private doctor's job to say what's wrong. A few are afraid of legal consequences in case they mention a particular complaint and are wrong.

Costly Funerals

These are days when luxuries should be curtailed drastically—days in which sentiment should give way to sense.

Yet I enclose one day's funeral reports in our local paper showing that to six funerals reported no fewer than 154 wreaths were sent, which must have cost £50 at least.

This could be multiplied considerably for Derby—and multiplied vastly more for the country as a whole.—K. M. Casserley, Cranford, Lonsdale Place, Derby.

Food comes before flowers—but we hope there will always be cheering blooms (they need only be bunches) for the sick.

The King's Uniform

It is an offence to bring the King's uniform into contempt.

But don't the authorities know that they are doing this every day when they equip valuers, inspectors, collectors, etc., with officers' uniforms and permit them to take salutes from real soldiers?

The higher-ups should hear how the office girls laugh when these peacocks strut about their establishments. There is contempt in *their* laughter.—Mr. W. H. Newall, Blakehall Road, Carshalton, Surrey.

How's This, Mr. Hudson?

Dad, an old-age pensioner, with five other pensioners or unemployed men, headed the first Dig for Victory appeal.

They found a man willing to let land for allotments, arranged payments, and were summoned before the local council.

They had to admit they couldn't afford to fence the land—and in the end nothing was done.

Eighteen months pass. The council summons them again. Their hopes rise. But another six weeks of valuable digging and seeding time has gone, and still they hear nothing.

Their digging, it seems, will begin *after* victory.—A. L. Griffiths, Kenry Street, Gilfach Goch, Tonyrefail.

Chief Announcer?

Reader Hutchinson wants to hear George Formby junior putting over the B.B.C. news bulletins

MAKE George Formby junior our chief news announcer. There is no danger of Nazis seizing a radio station and imitating *his* voice.

He might be given, as assistants, such people as Arthur Askey, whose "I theng yew" would be introduced now and then as proof positive that we had a genuine Briton at the microphone.

These suggestions are not meant to be funny, although the barest mention of the nation's funny men does suggest some effort at humour. I am more concerned with seeing that the country gets genuine news under all circumstances. — William Hutchinson, 6, Carlton Avenue, Castleford, Yorks.

What about "Fun!"?

Is This Christian?

Belfast has always been ruled by a few narrow-minded Sabbatarians.

Now allotmenteers have been told they mustn't do any cultivation on the Sabbath—under the penalty of having their plots forfeited.

Having no other leisure, many men will have no chance of Digging for Victory.—J. Donovan, Deerpark Drive, Belfast.

Our merchant sailors have to bring food to Britain on the Sabbath. Nazis torpedo them on the Sabbath. Is it Christian to let the Germans get on with it because it is Sunday?

Those Shy Onions!

"Onions?" said one trader. "You must be daft."

"Haven't seen one for months," said the others.

Then we had a War Weapons Week—and I was surprised how many retailers produced onions in luscious basketfuls—to be won by anyone buying twopenny lottery tickets.—Robert Lock, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

Who's to Blame?

I am employed in the office of a firm on essential war work.

It is no exaggeration to state that we have been officially issued with thousands of pounds' worth of material without any charge being made.

Another of our departments has been paid for work which was paid for months ago.

I work for an honest firm—but one wonders what happens in the case of any firm which "doesn't happen to notice such oversights"?—Somerset Reader.

Courageously, our reader supplied his name and address for publication, but for obvious reasons we withhold it.

Saying it With Butter

I work at a rubber factory.

During the past six months parcels have continually arrived from rubber workers of New Zealand—presents to the staff. They send us choice tins of butter, cheese, corned beef, mutton—all sorts of delicacies that are difficult to get here.

Typical of the messages accompanying them is one received the other day:

We rubber workers at ——— send you this gift in admiration of the splendid fight you are putting up against the common enemy. We admire your courage. We sympathise with your trials. Keep your thumbs up—your chins up, too. We'll win!—C. A. Jones, Walkden, Lancs.

Army—No Complaints!

Soldiers are expected to be grousers. There is the story of one who complained in heaven that his halo wouldn't fit, his harp-strings had burst—and there was a band rehearsal in ten minutes.

I like the food, the work (of a technical character), the democracy of Army life, and, above all, the company.

You should see my circle of friends—butcher, cartoonist, 'phone operator, flea circus manager; sweep, schoolteacher; printer, ex-boxer; near-millionaire's son, road-mender.—Signalman A. R. T., Whitchurch, Cardiff.

This is Your feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

The Right Spirit

If my grocer expects the arrival of some little delicacy, he displays a notice in the shop giving details as to quantity.

You might be his best customer. Perhaps your income is such that you spend less there than anybody. It doesn't matter. First come, first served is his rule.

He takes no more than his customers for his personal use.

A few people will grumble. Let them. I hope to trade with that fair man for many years after the war.—D. M., Surrey.

Winston's Bullets

How many regular readers have noticed that Winston Churchill "talks in bullets"—or, in other words, litters ideal prize-winning lines around whenever he makes a speech?

I think it is a good job he isn't a weekly entrant—otherwise he wouldn't leave many first prizes for other people. —Robert J. Neale, St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater, W.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

LINCOLNSHIRE, BOSTON AND SPALDING FREE PRESS:—"He has long hours of heavy work in the open HOUR."

BRIDGWATER MERCURY:—"An example of true programme music, received a poetic interpretation of great HARM."

EVENING CHRONICLE:—"The bombers, escorted by WAXES of fighters, flew over the South-East Coast."

ISLE OF WIGHT TIMES:—"A well-known Ryde doctor sampled the SOAP and stated that it was most nourishing."

MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE:—"There could be no one in court who could help feeling exceedingly sorry for the elderly COUPON. . . ."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"There was terrific A.A. BAGGAGE."

MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE:—"...which will result from the Government policy of CLOTHING non-essential factories."

They're Doing Us Proud

BOMBERS. Destroyers. Tanks. Merchant ships. Guns.

These get the headlines when we read of the U.S.A.'s colossal Help for Britain. But what the American people themselves are doing to raise funds to help our bomb victims is known only to those who have received it and those who arrange its distribution.

This relief had reached more than £10,000,000 before last Christmas.

* * *

It is still pouring in—thanks to women who knit or hold bazaars, children who save their pocket-money, and men who dive into their pockets.

Yet American interest in our war needs did not become general until last summer.

Sympathisers living in London formed a group now known as the American Outpost in Great Britain. They advertised in U.S.A. papers to tell Uncle Sam what help we needed.

Two organisations have been busy giving us trailer ambulances.

Built to be towed by any car, these trailers were intended for use in country areas where it might be too expensive to keep regular ambulances.

But during the *blitz* they proved so useful that many towns have asked for them.

The first American Motorised Squadron, incorporated in the Home Guard in September, is now a regular part of London's defence.

Most people have heard of the Eagle Squadron, composed entirely of Americans and attached to the R.A.F.

British War Relief, probably the largest relief organisation, has met every sort of need arising from the air raids on our cities.

Food, including milk for babies, clothing, bedding, medical supplies, lavatories for shelters—millions of pounds have been dispensed to help our war victims.

The "Bundles for Britain" movement has sent over tons and tons of clothing.

"American Ambulances" is an organisation to which we owe thanks for more than 50 surgical units, 100 mobile canteens, 170 ambulances—worth at least £150,000.

American Red Cross has contributed generous help, and one of its officers, Dr. Gordon, is liaison officer at our Ministry of Health

* * *

Fully equipped nursing and surgical units have been set up at several British hospitals.

A banker is running a "Share a Smoke Club" that has distributed tens of thousands of cigarettes to the troops.

American children have collected money to maintain cottages for evacuee children.

So, in scores of ways, private and official, Help for Britain streams across the Atlantic.

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY . . . By WILL SCOTT

VEGETABLE MATTER

"I suddenly realised, as I stood with a potato in my hand, ready to pop it in the trench, that it wasn't just something to eat, but that it was something alive, like me"

THOUGH I had often seen him as I passed along the lane, I had never spoken to him. A cheerful old chap, always grinning amiably.

What a man has to grin about when he's seventy, I can't understand, though I hope to!

But on this particular morning at last we spoke. We had to, really, because I had stopped near his gate to watch the thick clouds creep over the hills across the valley, and he had stopped to scrape the mud off his boots on the shoulder of his spade.

When we saw each other we weren't three yards apart.

He nodded and gave me one of his amiable grins.

"Lovely morning," he said.

"Lovely?" said I.

"Well, isn't it?" said he.

I took another glance at the lowering clouds, now creeping across the valley towards us.

"I had just been thinking," I said, "that it was one of the foulest-looking mornings I had ever seen."

"Ah," said the old boy.

Then he laughed aloud.

"Does no harm," he said, "to *say* it's a lovely morning."

A very surprising statement, it seemed to me.

"Well, of course," said I, "that's one way of looking at it."

"I believe," said he, "in looking on the bright side."

"Is there a bright side?" said I.

"Of course there is," said he.

"What about the war?"

"Well, what about it?"

"Doesn't *that* get on your nerves?"

"I don't let it worry me."

"What about Hitler?"

"Never think of the man."

I stared at him, but he only grinned.

"I'm as happy as the day is long," he informed me.

"You are?"

He winced and fingered his jaw.

"Something wrong?" I asked.

"Toothache," he replied.

"That's pretty nasty," said I.

"Oh, I don't know," said he. "I don't let it worry me. I'm as happy as the day is long."

"You surprise me," said I. "You must be a philosopher."

"Don't know about that, whatever it is," said he, "but I'm as happy as the day is long."

"Air raids worry you?"

"*Worry* me?" He laughed until he had to wipe his eyes. "Now what good would *that* do?"

A VERY astonishing old man! I began to wonder if Mark Tapley had been real, after all, and I'd just met his grandson.

"Personally," said I, after a pause, "the weather itself is enough to depress me, without the war. It never stops raining *any* day.

"If I hadn't seen it for myself, I couldn't believe it. Now, where I come from, Kent—I don't know if you know Kent?"

"Never been outside this parish," said the old boy.

I must have gaped very rudely.

"Never been outside this parish?"

"Never. Man or boy. And I was seventy last."

I couldn't *stop* gaping.

"And you say you're happy as the day is long?"

"That's right."

He put his spade aside, settled his right foot on the bottom rail of the gate, and rested his elbows on the top.

"It's the way you *look* at things," said he.

"It must be," said I.

"I used to worry," said he, "when this war first started. Oh, my! I worried about it terribly. And Hitler. *And* air raids. But not now. Bless you, no!"

"Something must have happened," I said, "to change your outlook."

"Something did," said he.

"May I ask what?" said I.

He crinkled his eyes and grinned at me again. Then he moved his right foot and elbows and disappeared from my sight for a few moments.

When he came back he was carrying something in his hand. He held it up for me to see.

"This is what did it," he said.

He held it out, and I took it from him. I could hardly believe my eyes. It was an ordinary potato.

"A potato?" said I.

"That's right," said he.

"Do you mean to say that this is what changed your outlook and turned you from a pessimist into an optimist?"

"That's right," said he.

I just *had* to sigh. It was so silly.

"Mind," he went on, "it wasn't that potato. The actual one I had for dinner ages ago. Which *did* seem a bit mean, I admit, considering what it had done for me. But *a* potato. One of last year's crop."

"I am absolutely astounded!" said I. "You're as happy as the day is long because of a potato?"

"That's right," said he.

"But—*how*?"

"Because," said he, "*I'M not a potato.*"

Which made it no clearer for me, because he didn't *look* crazy, and that was the first explanation that came to my mind.

"You'd better tell me," said I.

And he told me.

"I WAS a regular *one* for worrying," he said. "From the minute war broke out I couldn't see any hope for any of us—for anybody in all the world.

"There didn't seem to me to be anything worth living for—and I wasn't worth living *with*, I can give you my word. And I was quickly getting worse and worse. Until last year when I was planting my potato crop."

He began to laugh until the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"That did it!" he declared.

When he had wiped his eyes again he continued:

"I suddenly realised, as I stood with a potato in my hand, ready to pop it in the trench, that it wasn't just something to eat, but that it was something *alive*, like me.

"It was only a potato, but it was an absolute certainty that it *liked* being a potato, just as much as I liked being a man. If you follow me."

"So far," said I.

"Well, then. It liked being a potato. It wanted to grow up and have leaves and flowers and feel the morning dew on itself and live the same life as any other potato. You see?"

I nodded.

"Right. Well, I went on thinking. And I thought this—there's a war on, but it's on for both of us, me *and* the potato. Hitler's after me, but he's after that potato as well.

"That potato may be bombed, and then I shan't have it to eat. But *I* may be bombed, and then the potato will have nobody to look after it and earth it up, and the frost will get at it and it will die young. *Now* do you see?"

"Go on," said I, beginning to be a bit interested.

HE went on:

"I realised in a flash that, although the potato knew nothing about it and I *did*, the war was a pretty serious business for both of us, because we were *alive*.

"It didn't matter to a bundle of firewood, but it did matter to us, both the potato and me. We might be trampled down or bombed or anything.

"And all at once I felt very sorry for that potato. Bombed we might be, even together, but at any rate I'd have been a man, and the poor old potato would never have been anything but a potato.

"If it could have known, Hitler or no Hitler, war or no war, that potato would have been *envious* of me. And there was I worrying, because I was alive in wartime! If you see what I mean."

"I do now," said I.

"I added it up, like two columns," the old boy proceeded. "What was there in the life of a potato? A few months, a few stalks, a few leaves, a few flowers. That was all. And—in danger from the war *all* its life.

"But look at the other column. *ME!* I could get about. I wasn't tied to a field all the time. I could get up to the top road and watch the traffic. I could do all sorts of things.

"I remember some of the things I had done. Booze-ups at the pub. Fishing for tiddlers sixty years ago. The Coronation Tea for the old 'uns at the Parish Hall. And I could *laugh*, which was more than a potato could do.

"And so I began to laugh. And I've laughed ever since. I've been a happier man.

"I may be sued for debts. I may fall in the ditch when I've had too many. There's Hitler. There's the war. There's raids. I've got the toothache. But I'm happy. I'm a man. *I'm not a potato.*"

A philosophy, and a real philosopher: I had to admit that. And the old boy interested me so much that I mentioned him to Johnson that night in the pub.

"Do you know an old boy who keeps a farm down the lane, just past the three elms?"

"Do you mean the chap who's always grinning?"

"That's right."

"Old boy who's lived here for seventy years and never been out of the parish?"

"That's the old boy."

"Damned old fool!" said Johnson. "No, I don't. Not to speak to. And I don't want. I wouldn't waste my time and intelligence on knowing him. Never been out of the parish for seventy years! *He's just a cabbage!*"

Irium can do the same "hey presto" act for *your* teeth. Irium is Pepsodent's newly-discovered cleanser. Pepsodent dissolves surface stains and treacherous little hidden particles, keeps your mouth scrupulously clean and fresh. Change to Pepsodent! See how quickly *your* teeth can look brighter and healthier than ever before.

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SUI-E-B

How can you get a

Fashionable Slim Figure

SHE certainly wears the chic modern clothes with distinction and charm—yet there's no need to envy her. That fashionable figure once admired in you, is—if you take Bile Beans regularly—easily attainable again.

Purely vegetable, Bile Beans "slim while you sleep." They banish unhealthy fat-forming wastes, clear the blood-stream, create a grand feeling of youth and vitality.

To be slim again—to keep slim, youthful and attractive—just take Bile Beans each night before turning in.

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"Since taking Bile Beans regularly I have not put on an ounce of surplus fat anywhere—in fact Bile Beans not only enable me to keep my figure slim and attractive, but ensure splendid health all the year round."—Miss A. T., London, W.9.

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BRAND PILLS

See what you save *in time and trouble and starch as well.*

You halve the work and double the pleasure when you starch and iron the Robin way. Robin makes it so easy for you. Pillow-slips and frocks, collars and traycloths all come up looking their loveliest, as fresh as frost in the morning sun.

With next to no trouble and only three tablespoons of Robin, you can starch an average week's wash to perfection.

Grouping: First sort your washing into 3 groups, according to the degree of stiffness required. For instance, Group 1: into this put soft collars, tablecloths, aprons, traycloths. Group 2: pillow-slips, overalls, cotton frocks, cotton shirts. Group 3: handkerchiefs and other articles which require only very lightly starching.

Mixing: Put 3 tablespoonsful of Robin into your bowl and mix to a cream with cold water. Next, add a quart of boiling water (but it must be boiling) and stir well as you add. The starch becomes clear as you stir. To this add more water to suit the different groups.

Dipping: For Group 1: add 6 pints of cold or warm water. For Group 2: add 4 pints of water to half the remaining starch. Group 3: add an equal part of cold water to what you need of the rest of the starch. Remember—dip two or three times—wring thoroughly—use a hot iron.

ROBIN *Starch*

gives wings to your iron

FREE! "A Little Bird Told Me." A charming and helpful booklet by an expert laundress. Send a postcard for your copy, to RECKITT AND SONS, HULL

To Quickly Banish ECZEMA, RASHES, PIMPLES, BOILS, etc.

Don't neglect that Spring skin trouble—let Zam-Buk put it right. The refined medicinal oils in Zam-Buk easily absorb into the skin, thus soothing pain and irritation, killing disease germs, and giving you a clear unblemished skin.

Excellent too for sore, aching feet, blistered heels, and as a first-aid for everyday skin injuries.

7d., 1/5, 3/5 box

Zam-Buk

THE GRAND HERBAL OINTMENT

NEVER trifle with kidney ailments. Relieve backache, rheumatic pains, aching muscles and joints, puffy eyes, disturbed nights and dizzy attacks before they can become more serious.

The cause in each case is a poisoned condition due to the failure of the kidneys to filter impurities and wastes from the blood.

Start taking Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This special kidney remedy cleanses, strengthens and stimulates the kidney filters so that blood purity is restored and ease and comfort are regained. You can rely upon a medicine that has been used and publicly recommended by 50,000 grateful men and women.

Ask for DOANS, 1/5, 3/5, 5/8

Honour or Profits?

HUMANIST quotes a letter from a volunteer soldier whose wife sees her sisters' husbands reaping the benefit of good jobs, and points out that honour and a clear conscience give more lasting satisfaction than big profits

One can understand the wife's doubts when she compares her lot with that of her sisters, but she can feel a pride in her man which the others will never feel

I DARE say there are many men in the Forces, not yet on active service, who share the doubt expressed by one young soldier.

He writes: **Directly war was declared I was filled with a strange feeling of restlessness, which increased day by day until I signed on the dotted line as a volunteer.**

I was happily married, with one small son of three. It would not be easy parting from them.

My wife noticed that something was wrong.

I had to tell her that I was longing to do my bit for the country—that it was not right for me to hide at home while other men were risking their lives.

She listened quietly to my arguments and finally said: "Go if you feel like that. We'll get along until it's all over."

She is the finest wife in the world. Since then I have become the father of another son. He was in my wife's thoughts when I left home, but she never said a word until I had settled down to my job as a soldier.

I may seem to be rambling on, but I just want to convince you that we are not a mean or a jealous couple.

Lately, however, there has crept into her letters a note of discontent. She is finding it increasingly difficult to make ends meet.

Her two sisters, childless, and with their husbands at home in good jobs, are reaping the benefits.

It has made my wife do some hard thinking.

Have I done the right thing or not? Ought I to have studied my wife and family more?

In short, have I been a patriotic fool or have I done the honourable thing?

This war-problem is only a variation of one which occurs to every decent man in times of peace.

The man who has high ideals and fine principles is always apt to have misgivings when he sees others, less honourable than himself, having a "gay time" and making pots of money.

He wonders whether he is not sacrificing too much to his feeling of what is right and just.

Would he not do better if he could get rid of his conscience and grab all the best things for himself?

The Same Problem

The letter quoted above deals with the same problem, although it has a war-time "twist"—the choice between doing what one feels to be right and trying to take advantage of the opportunities that war creates.

No doubt his sisters-in-law and their husbands are making money. But they will never be proud of their efforts. They are making no sacrifices of their own free will.

If the writer of the letter had refused to volunteer he would reproach himself all his life.

He would feel what Daisy Ashford called "rather mere": a "bit of a slug."

I am convinced that if he could live the last two years again he would do exactly the same. He would volunteer with the finest motives, and he would wonder afterwards whether he ought to have done so.

It is not a question of getting a safe job and minting money. It is a question of honour.

One can understand the wife's doubts when she compares her lot with that of her sisters, but she can feel a pride in her man which the others can never feel.

Perhaps, indeed, it is because they are unsatisfied at heart that they are trying to unsettle her.

In my opinion, the man did the only thing he could do, and I hope he flings his self-questionings to the four winds.

Forced Religion

Another young man writes about a very different problem:

I am not quite twenty-one, and I like to go to church at times—when I feel in the mood for it.

But my father is the superintendent of the Sunday-school—and he makes me attend whether I want to or not!

We have had many words about the matter and we are just as far apart as when we started.

Having read your helpful replies to many other readers, I hope you will be good enough to help me with my difficulty. I can trust your judgment.

If the young man goes to church against his will he is not likely to get much good from it. He feels resentful and mutinous; harbours black feelings and unreasoned prejudices.

When he leaves home and escapes from parental influences he probably never goes inside a church for years.

Compulsory church-going defeats its primary purpose.

But there is another side to this problem. The young man should try to see his father's point of view as clearly as his own.

The father is in a responsible position for which he gets no payment and meagre thanks. Naturally he wants to be a success as a superintendent of the Sunday School.

But if his own family go to church only occasionally—when they feel in the mood for it—the father's influence is undermined.

There will be criticisms rather in the nature of "Physician, doctor your own family before you begin prescribing for others!"

The young man can refuse to obey, but I think he could do something to please his father without feeling aggrieved about it.

None of us can go through life thinking only of our own whims and wishes. We must all make a few concessions to other people's ideas unless we intend to live in a state of continual friction.

I do not suggest that the man should do what he feels to be wrong. There are no high principles at stake. It is merely a conflict of wishes.

The young man should gracefully fall into step.

Many Letters

A few weeks ago I wrote about the common practice among girls of putting slips of paper bearing their names and addresses inside soldiers' uniforms.

The result has proved interesting. I have had a great many letters from wives who have found such papers in their husbands' clothing, and from working girls who have been responsible.

Perhaps I had better quote just one letter as a sample:

I work in a factory where battle-dress uniforms are made, and it is a common practice to put notes in the pockets asking the owner to write as a pen-pal.

One girl put my name and address in such a pocket. She did it for a joke, and I got a letter from a soldier.

My husband opened it, but did he go off the deep end like that airman's wife?

No fear! We both treated it as a joke.

My husband suggested I should reply, telling the boy I was married. I did so, and the boy answered at once, saying he was awfully sorry about it.

We sent him some fags and told him no harm had been done.

Get this straight: the practice is quite innocent. Many of the girls are only sixteen, and they don't want to cause trouble to married men.

The letter ends with an opinion about jealous and suspicious wives that I shall tactfully omit!

★★★★★★LIFE'S SUM★★★★★★

TO choose the right road and go steadily on to the end, to keep Life's high hope and from it never descend, to help where we can nor hinder if no help can avail, to be glad when we see folk succeed nor condemn when they fail.

TO listen to boastful assertions and still keep our head, to refrain from wild answers and keep calm and quiet instead, to maintain our opinions without losing temper-control, to see past each setback the vision we have as our goal.

TO keep our ideals intact as we travel along, to believe in the ultimate victory of right over wrong, to look for a better to-morrow past yesterday's pain, to hold on though we see our last chance is beginning to wane.

TO live with our memories—not on them—though precious they be, to do all we do with deep faith and sincerity, to leave unto God the outcome of all our deeds, to discern the difference between our wishes and needs.

TO smile when the laughter of Life has been torn from our heart, to lose all we have and determine to make a new start, to add up the whole Sum of Life and make it come right IS TO STAND ON TOP OF THE WORLD IN HEAVEN'S FULL LIGHT.

J. M.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

THE GREATEST OF THESE

When Charles Hall, of Sheffield, joined the Army during the last war at the age of seventeen, he little realised what hardship lay ahead.

He was wounded in 1915 and lost a finger.

Some years ago his wife died. Left with three children, he lived with his mother.

Now, seventy-three years old, she is badly crippled with rheumatism. So his daughter of seventeen, instead of going out to work, has to keep house for the family.

This man is worried to death by debts caused by continual bronchitis and stomach trouble. He has to struggle along on 15s. National Health Insurance and 13s. 6d. earned by another daughter.

Can you help to ease his plight?

Donations should be earmarked "Hopeless," and sent to the Hon. Secretary, John Bull War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent when addresses are given. Subscription lists can be seen at this office or will be forwarded on application.

Nothing is deducted for administration expenses.

Don't be complacent about your nice white teeth. Be *sure* they're not 'white lies'—that there's no dangerous tartar behind them. In other words, use Solidox. It is the *only* toothpaste that can loosen and remove tartar once it has taken hold, because it is the only toothpaste containing the anti-tartar ingredient Ricinosulphate. Solidox not only keeps your teeth beautifully white, but completely tartar-free. And it leaves a pleasant taste in your mouth!

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First Aid Tips from the Family Health Warden

STIMULANTS: Don't *give alcohol. Hot tea, coffee or milk are safer. But in cases of Internal Injury give nothing but ice or sips of cold water.*

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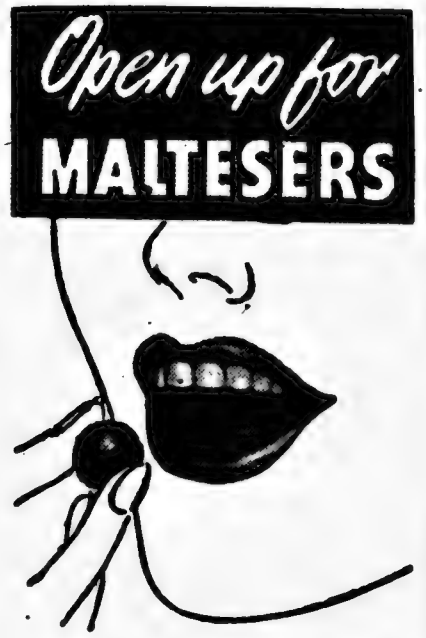

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Do you wonder you can never say no to Maltesers!

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Washing without an Acme is like cooking without a stove

The makers deeply regret the enforced shortage of Acme Wringers due to war-time restrictions. Many regular Dealers are at present without supplies but, when conditions allow, immediate steps will be taken to replace used-up stocks.

WRINGER — MANGLE — CLEANSER — ALL IN ONE!

VARNENE OIL VARNISH STAIN
preserves and beautifies wood floors

Easy to apply and ensures a lovely high gloss which will not readily chip or scratch.

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THE WORLD'S BEST LIQUID MANURE...
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HELP THE WAR EFFORT—
GROW REAL VEGETABLES
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LASCO LTD. LIVERPOOL
6d. pkts; 1/6 3/- 5/- tins
Sold and recommended everywhere

A. W. HELLIWELL CONTINUES HIS INTIMATE STUDIES OF FAMOUS BOXERS

This week's pen-portrait is of the most popular heavyweight since the days of Bombardier Billy Wells—Jack Petersen. His untimely retirement from the ring was a tragedy for British boxing

He loves dogs and children. Within two minutes any baby will be crowing with delight

BRIEF BUT GLORIOUS

IF ever I get around to writing boxing fiction I shall—with Jack Petersen's permission—take the story of his fighting life as a ready-made plot.

The colourful world of pugilism bristles thicker than the quills on a hedgehog's back with romantic characters and stories.

But there are few to equal that of this big and likeable Welshman, who, in his short but brilliant ring career, established himself as the most popular heavyweight since the days of Bombardier Billy Wells.

Imagine it—the story of a public schoolboy, destined for the Varsity and medical honours, who turns his back on it all because of his consuming ambition to fight.

Then, having won fame and fortune beyond his wildest dreams, when the world looks to be his for the taking, is forced to quit because of the threat of approaching blindness.

That is Jack's story.

Tragedy for Boxing

It has thrills, drama, romance—yes, and tragedy, for it was a tragedy, not only for Petersen, but for British boxing, that the finest heavyweight fighter we had produced for years should have to retire so soon.

Petersen had everything—matchless physique, a devastating right-hand punch and inexhaustible courage.

His one fault and at the same time his greatest asset—for it was this that made him such a magnetic ring personality—was his fiery impetuosity.

Out of the ring Petersen—Lieutenant Petersen now—is a quiet, unassuming, seriously disposed young man. In it he fought with a tigerish fury and a reckless disregard for punishment. He had too brave a heart, and this was his downfall.

A more cautious Petersen might well have brought—as at one time I hoped he would—the world heavyweight title back to this country. As it was, the severe batterings he took in his eagerness to land his formidable right-hand punch, particularly in his three gruelling battles with Walter Neusel, cost him dear.

His eyes, ever a source of anxiety to him, suffered badly, and early in 1937, after that last terrible meeting with the hefty German, a London specialist pronounced the death sentence on Petersen's pugilistic career.

He was told plainly that if he continued fighting he would spend the rest of his days in darkness.

And so in his beloved Wales, before his own people, he made his last bow, boxing three rounds with his old sparring partner, Max Hodgetts.

A Sad Last Bow

"No, Jack! No! No!" the crowd yelled when the M.C. announced that this was his farewell.

Poor Petersen, sorrowfully shaking his head, could only murmur a broken "Thank you. . . . Thank you very much indeed," in a voice that was choked by a sob.

It was not the thought of retiring from the bright spotlight of fame into the shadows of obscurity that upset Petersen. He loved fighting for fighting's sake, for the clean, healthy competition of the ring, but he hated being a celebrity.

He was happy enough among the people he knew, the folk of the hills and the valleys, and in many a little Welsh inn you will find pinned to the wall one of those clever caricatures of himself that Jack draws so well.

An Ordinary Man

Although he neither drinks nor smokes, Petersen used to spend hours yarning with the miners as they sat over their pots of ale. He was happy and at his ease in company that did not point and stare, but accepted him as an ordinary man.

By contrast, he was, in his early days as champion at any rate, almost painfully bashful among strangers. I have known him go out of his way through the back streets to avoid a main thoroughfare where people might recognise him.

He was so retiring that one of my colleagues dubbed him the "Garbo of the ring," and there were occasions when his shyness was misunderstood.

Yet Petersen when you know him is the kindest-hearted and most genial fellow in the world.

He loves dogs and children. He has what they call a "way" with them.

I have seen a dog get up from a far corner of a room and come to greet Jack wagging its tail furiously, although he has been a stranger. Two minutes on his knee and a baby will be chuckling delightedly.

Things like that are pointers to a man's real character.

Petersen had his first professional fight after winning the amateur light heavyweight championship in 1931. It was an experiment.

"Pa" Petersen wanted his son to go on to the university and study medicine. But the blood of some old Viking ancestor was stirring in Jack's veins—he is a mixture of Welsh, Irish and Norwegian—and he begged to be allowed to fight.

He has since told me that he gave himself twelve months in which to make good. If he had failed, he would have hung up his gloves and become a doctor.

His success was sensational. He was paid £5 for his first fight. Within a year he was earning four-figure purses. In that time he had won, first, the British cruiserweight title from Harry Crossley, and then the heavyweight championship from Reggie Meen.

When he fought Jock McAvoy he was paid £4,600—at that time a record price for an indoor fight in this country. Oddly enough, a strangely listless Petersen provided one of the most disappointing displays of his career that night.

This was rare for him.

Usually you could settle in your seat at a Petersen fight sure of thrills and action, for from the first gong he was out to make a fight of it. They were raw and gory battles many of them, but they delighted the fans.

Magnificent in Defeat

Even in defeat Petersen was magnificent, for so long as he had the strength to stand erect and raise his arms he would fight.

It was no wonder that he so swiftly captured hearts. Like Jim Driscoll and little Jimmy Wilde before him, here was another Welshman with a magical and utterly irresistible magnetism.

They called him the Welsh Carpentier, and, as a matter of fact, Petersen does strongly resemble the famous Georges, while the right-hand punch which he swung with the same ferocity that Viking ancestor must have employed with his battleaxe, was very similar to the Frenchman's favourite blow.

Petersen won the heavyweight title before he was twenty-one.

The praise that was showered upon him was heady wine for a mere boy, but it left him unmoved. He was proud and happy to have proved himself the best fighter in Britain, but that was all.

Immediately afterwards he demonstrated how little he cared for the glamour of a champion's life by signing on as one of the crew of a South American-bound tramp steamer.

Scrubbing the Decks

For the next three months this young man with the sporting world at his feet, who might have been basking in the limelight, heaved coal, loaded sacks of wheat, scrubbed the decks, worked as painter and ship's carpenter—and loved every minute of it.

He already had the beginnings of a comfortable nest-egg deposited in his bank. A glittering future was opening up before him.

They were talking of him as the next heavyweight champion of the world. But the rough-and-ready atmosphere of the fo'c'sle on that old tramp as she battered her way across the South Atlantic was good enough for him.

Once, discussing his choice of a career, Petersen said: "I do not feel that because I am a fighter I have cut myself adrift from the common world. The friends I made when I was fighting for honour and glory I still hold.

"When I have done my job I am just like any other young man, for I have interests outside and far removed from the ring."

There, in his own words, you have the key to his character.

Not an ounce of conceit in his big and splendidly moulded body. Only when he felt the resin under his soles and leather on his fists did he feel himself anything but an ordinary young man.

Then, as every champion should be, he was convinced that there was no man strong enough to put him down, and he would fight savagely and to the bitter end to prove it.

His reign was short but glorious, and he deserved the £40,000 he took with him into retirement, if only because of the immense and world-wide prestige his great-hearted gallantry won for British boxing.

"YOUR INVALUABLE HELP"

Writes a Widow

Mr. James Palmer was on his way home from work when a Nazi plane dived out of the clouds and released a stick of bombs, one of which caused his instant death.

As Mr. Palmer was a registered reader of John Bull his widow has received a prompt cheque under our Free Air Raid Insurance Scheme. She writes:—

This morning I received cheque for which I thank you most sincerely, also for your sympathy in my great loss. All your help to me under these circumstances is proving invaluable.

John Bull offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment.

If you have not yet registered, Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to John Bull's Insurance Department 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

The Last Laugh

M. T. (Nottingham).—"I went to every shop in the place and couldn't get what I wanted." You mean they all insisted on spot cash?

M. M. (Saltburn).—"Married happiness depends upon the husband knowing his own mind." Peace is doubly assured if he can keep it to himself.

L. S. (Smethwick).—"Our foreman thinks he is tough, but I really believe I could punch his face in." Are you going to have a smack at it?

JACK (Much Wenlock).—"I am very quiet and placid, which my parents say is completely different from my childhood ways." When you were always up in arms.

J. P. (Penshurst).—"Spring-cleaning time is with us again, and where does a poor husband find his most treasured belongings?" He doesn't.

F. R. (Liverpool).—"It has been my business to send many a man out to face danger and possible death." Are you a saxophone teacher?

D. H. (Uxbridge).—"Some scientists state that four hours' sleep is enough for anyone." And the infant in the flat above ours agrees with them.

GOLFER (Sutton).—"I left my wife because she had too many irons in the fire." Surely she wasn't trying to burn your golf clubs?

E. A. (Risca).—"I had men running after me long before I met my husband." You'd probably have them running after you now if he didn't pay your bills every month.

R. C. (London, E.).—"I have an astonishing number of nephews." Pawnbroker, eh?

ARCHIE (Long Melford).—"No one made a fool of me on April the first." Then when did it happen?

H. K. (Beverley).—"My wife and I are of one mind." It's not difficult to guess who's mind it is.

MR. L. (Hitchin).—"I spend most of my spare time fire-watching." See letter below.

MRS. L. (Hitchin).—"My husband spends most of his evening sitting in his armchair in front of a glowing grate." See letter above.

D. N. (Templecombe).—"My new typist seems to spend half her time making tea. I often wonder how she spends the other half." Drinking it, probably.

G. N. (Rushton).—"The Germans have always recognised the Italian Empire." Italians, however, are beginning to find a certain difficulty in doing this.

B. V. (Newquay).—"Have you ever had something on your lips and been unable to speak?" Well, we must admit that we did kiss occasionally in our younger days.

FARMER (Essex).—"I recently bought what I believed to be a ten-acre field, but when it was surveyed I found that road widening had reduced it to nine." That's a bit off.

MRS. R. (Rainham).—"My husband can't know what I go through when he comes home drunk at night." You mean you always fold them back in the creases and replace them carefully over the chair?

C. P. (Kimberley).—"A man who cannot eat his breakfast ought to have a word or two with his doctor." Or with the cook.

J. B. (Llandudno).—"Being in a draught gave me a cold, so I went to the chemist, and what do you think he gave me?" A draught.

R. R. (Brackley).—"What do babies think about all day long, I wonder." What to cry about all night long, we suggest.

PAT (New Malden).—"How was it that Shakespeare was able to turn out so much work?" He didn't have to answer the telephone.

T. R. (Brough).—"It is a good thing there are still men who have faith in one another." Rather. Otherwise, some of us would have to learn to live within our incomes!

MRS. H. (Finchley).—"The man came into my greengrocer's shop and refused to leave because I had no lemons for sale." Couldn't you have got rid of him by pelting him with onions?

A. M. (East Coast).—"An incendiary bomb fell right in the middle of my bed of early lettuces and destroyed everything within a radius of twenty yards." Well, that's one way of getting rid of slugs.

A. F. (Sevenoaks).—"The teacher floored my boy with a very simple sum the other day. I'll try it on you, Mr. Editor. If you had two shillings in your left pocket and five shillings in your right, what would you have?" Somebody else's trousers, on.

(Side-Slips: See page 12)

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yer know they sez the Queen o' Sheba come from round 'ere, Bill. Well, I ain't surprised she left"

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

BANISHES

SPRING BLEMISHES

"My face was covered with pimples," writes G. A. P., London. "I bought a tin of Germolene, applied a little to my face, when I awoke next morning my blemishes had vanished."

SKIN IRRITATION

"I have suffered with Eczema for a number of years," reports M. J., London, N.7. "The irritation, at night especially, was a torture until I tried Germolene. The result was marvellous."

LEG ULCERS

"I had been suffering for a long time with an Ulcer on my shin—my leg was red-raw and my foot badly swollen" says J. M. "I used Germolene twice a day and now my leg is healed."

Skin troubles respond rapidly to *Germolene*—the world's greatest healing ointment. From seasonal rash to a long-standing ulcer, the results are just as marvellous. Prevents the entry of blood-poisoning germs, soothes itching, stops inflammation, and clears skin troubles in record time.

Sold Everywhere 7d., 1/5, 3/5 & 13/8. Per Tin. Including Purchase Tax.

"The Sergeant's Wife doesn't boil clothes any more!"

By our Country Correspondent

ONE of my war activities is running a canteen for the soldiers who swarm over the small country town where I live.

It's always well patronised and recently we had a celebration when one of the sergeants got married. His wife is very young, and proud of the little furnished house they have taken near the barracks. I asked him the other night how his wife was getting along.

"Fine," he said, "except for the washing and she can't seem to cope with that. We'll have to send it out—it takes her all Monday and she's tired out at the end of it."

I told him I was an old hand at washing and I'd look in on his wife and give her a few tips. "But don't say I sent you," he said.

Next afternoon I called on Mrs. Jones to ask if she'd help with the canteen. She was delighted, asked me to have tea, and was soon unburdening herself about the trials of washday.

"I'VE been doing all the wash myself," she said, "because of the cost of sending it out. But it kills me—all that boiling and rubbing is such terribly hard work."

"I used to feel just the same when I *boiled* the clothes," I said. "But I found the things came just as clean with the no-boil method, and now I do a big wash in no time, and even enjoy it."

"No-boil method," she said. "Whatever's that?" So I told her about Rinso and how it *soaks* the clothes clean without you having to boil or even rub them hard.

"But I'd always been told you *had* to boil white things to keep them white," she said.

"It's an old wives' tale," I told her. "You try the Rinso way of washing next Monday and I guarantee you'll find your clothes never looked whiter."

She said she'd be only too glad to try it—she did so want to get the better of this washing business.

The following Monday morning I dropped in to see Mrs. Jones. "I've got all the clothes on the line," she cried, "and they look lovely. This Rinso stuff is marvellous. In the usual way I'd still be slaving over the copper now. As it is, I feel fine."

"Good for you," I said, "and you've saved three-quarters of the gas you'd have used doing the boiling. So you'll save money every week on fuel. And those nice wedding-present linens of yours will last a good six months longer now you're not boiling and rubbing them."

THAT night she insisted on helping me in the canteen. You should have seen the sergeant's expression when his wife came to take his order!

"Well!" he said, "whatever you told her did the trick. What was it?"

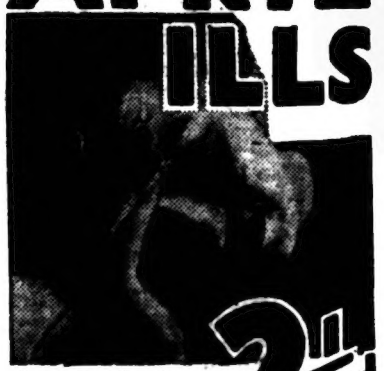
"Rinso," I said, "and she's never going to boil no more!"

RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN

3078-132 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

End Those

APRIL ILLS



Don't suffer those April Ills, END THEM! 2½d is the cost but the relief is priceless. Beecham Powders are the remedy and they Act like Magic. They are QUICKER IN ACTION, MORE CERTAIN in results. Here's relief at a price which you can afford. Do not neglect to accept it!

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BRINGS RELIEF from PAINS ACHES COLDS CHILLS FEVERISH ATTACKS

Cartons of 6 Powders 1/5. (Including Purchase Tax.) Single Powders 2½d each. A Beecham Product.

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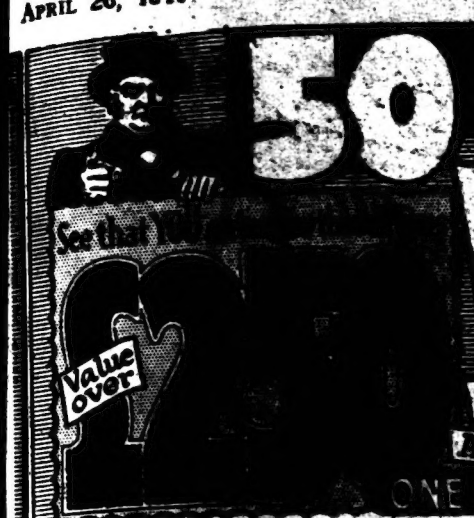

50 CHEQUES MUST BE WON

BULLETS 1d. PRIZE £100 £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 39/- 38/- 37/- 36/- 35/- 34/- 33/- 32/- 31/- 30 of 25/-

1000 New Merit Awards

All Cheques above to reach Winners by Thursday, May 22

ONE WEEK ONLY—POST NOT LATER THAN MONDAY MAY 5

TO WIN a "BULLETS" PRIZE—ADD 2, 3, or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

SPRINGTIME opportunities galore—50 fat cheques which MUST BE WON this week! Here's a simple way to set about winning YOURS.

Jot down your rough comments and first ideas against any of the Examples. Next, prune, polish and improve them until you've reduced each one to an apt, original comment of TWO, THREE or FOUR words only.

The latest prize-winners on right will show you just how easily *Bullets* prizes can be won.

Now go to it! One of YOUR *Bullets* may well bring Joy Wire sunshine to your home.

TO BRITAIN'S CREDIT	FACING THE MUSIC
DIPLOMATIC VICTORY	COWED
LOSING BATTLE	WHATEVER YOU DO
BREATHING FIRE	NOW SHE'S MINE
LIKE A CUCKOO	STILL TALKING
SMACK IN THE EYE	HIGH AND LOW
FEVERISHLY	RESERVES
WALKING OUT	ROUND THE CORNER
AT OUR GARRISON CONCERT	THANKS TO THE DARKNESS
OLD SOLDIERS	GIVES HUGGO THE JITTERS

The "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

When The War's.... Robbed Of ..... | To ..... Proved ..... | The World A Hero | Working On ..... Faith In .....

RESULT of "BULLETS" 1,267.

£100 (less Radio) FIRST PRIZE—W. H. MOORE, 138, Beaufoy Road, London.
Example: IN BRITAIN'S WORKSHOP
Bullet: LATHES THE *ONLY* "SLAVER."

£20 Second Prize: Mrs. J. Guest, 14, Chapel Street, Quarry Bank.
Example: Man Behind The Counter
Bullet: Man *Shop* For Sale!

£10 Third Prize: F. Brookman, W./O., R.A.F., 14 B.C., Somewhere-in-Britain.
Example: Hand in Hand
Bullet: Our "Hand Over Land!"

100s.: F. Richford, 33, Lavender Hill, Tenbridge.
In Britain's Workshop—"Clanging" Has Prevented Bells."

80s.: Mrs. A. Oswell, 95A, Boughton, Chester.
Humble Pie—Mine—Her Mother's "Recipe"!

60s.: A./C.2 J. B. Hodgson, "Dobfield," Laycock, Keighley.
Helpless—France Lies—Lies Helpful.

40s.: L. J. N. Thorpe, 206, Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester.
Seeds Of Success—To Sow, Sad To!

30s.: W. Bateman, 21, Fenber Avenue, Blackpool.
Keeps Grandpa Quiet—Letting Him Work Siren!

20s.: W. H. Beattie, 18, Landrock Road, Crouch End, N.
Won't Do—Way *Slacker* "Saves Bones."

15s.: A. T. Rutherford, 2, Sidney Cres., Newbiggin-by-Sea.
Seeds Of Success—Because *He's* "Early Variety."

10s.: J. Peebles, 18, Electric Cres., Philadelphia, Co. Durham.
Stronger Than Tanks—In "Long Run," *Pram.*

5s.: F. Attwood, Imperial Hotel, Crichton Avenue, York.
Man Behind The Gunsel—Never Sights Opportunities "Aboard."

3s.: F. Tinkler, East Hetton, Coxhoe, Co. Durham.
Man Behind The Hospital—Screen—*Was* Behind Mule!

3s.: A. Frost, "Brooklands," Avenue Road, New Milton.
Won't Do—"Take *My* Mask, Miss!"

2s.: Mrs. B. Shepherd, Deep Clough, Hadfield, Manchester.
Woke Up The Village—Sorry—*That's* Poacher's Complaint!

2s.: Mrs. W. Pugh, 172, Brodie Avenue, Liverpool.
Helpless—She Looks—That "Helps"!

A List of 2 Winners of 3s. and 30 Winners of 2s. can be seen at these offices. The 100 Surprise Awards and 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

EXTRA AWARDS VALUE UP TO £25. Each of the 50 chief winners who entered 4 or more Bullets for this contest will receive a special Bonus Award value 10/-

ENTRY-FEE. Five Fds. or Stamps 6d. for each 24 BULLETS. Fifty for 1/- 6—get 8 FREE.

RULES 1. First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being chosen on neatness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used make payable to John Bull, crossed /& Co./ write name and address on back. Members of H.M. Forces are privileged to submit entries at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are permanently completed and Service rank is indicated. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ADDRESS "Bullets" No. 1,271, "John Bull," ENTRY: Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

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You are invited to affix 1d. stamp to space provided and then make most of your "Bullets." Bullet-fashioning hints to help you win. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your 2,500-Word Guide to success.

Affix 1d. STAMP for copy of "Bullets" BULLETIN

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

USE THIS COUPON to ★ your CASH

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets.

P.O. Value..... No.....

Closing Postmark MON., MAY 5

1,271

Signed .....

Address .....

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MAKE YOUR EXTRA ENTRIES ON PLAIN PAPER Send FOUR extra "Bullets" for further entry-fee of 6d. only, thus obtaining TWO FREE.

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THE HANDYMAN'S COMPLETE SELF INSTRUCTOR

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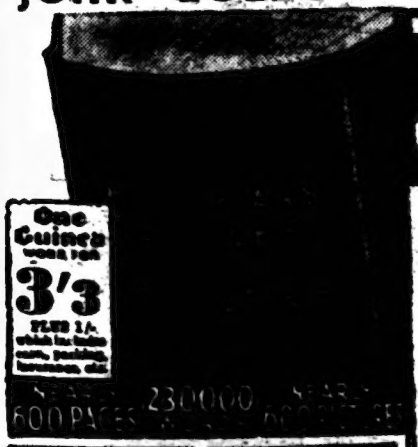

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FOOD FACTS Number 37

Making the most of the MILK

YOU will be interested to know the reason why your milk supply has been reduced by about one seventh. The Ministry of Food has to look ahead and put aside in the National Larder supplies of food that will keep for the winter when everyone needs more to eat.

The milk that is saved will be made into cheese and tinned milk for store.

There will be no reduction in supplies to mothers and children under the National Milk Scheme, to children in schools or to hospital patients.

HOW THE PLAN WILL WORK

Your milkman will tell you by how much you should reduce your weekly purchases in order that you may play your part in this important contribution to the national store cupboard. You should arrange with him to make the reduction in the way most convenient to you both. Remember that it is his job to give everyone a fair share. If you are moving, and have to change your milkman, be patient if you do not get your proper supplies for a day or two.

Try to arrange for your delivery of milk to be shared out among the members of your family according to their needs. Let a temporary invalid, for instance, have a little more by giving the others a little less.

In certain cases of illness where milk is particularly necessary, doctors can authorise extra supplies by completing a form of certificate which will be obtainable at any Local Food Office.

GOOD NEWS ABOUT BREAD

When we have to face a minus in our milk, it is specially welcome to find a plus somewhere else. Here it is—in bread! National Wheatmeal Bread has been called quite rightly the *plus* bread. It contains the vital "germ" of the wheat. National Wheatmeal Bread is better in flavour, in texture, in keeping, and in real nutritive goodness. There aren't many things that are better in war-time—but here is one of them! Take advantage of it! And if you find any difficulty in getting it from your baker, write to the Ministry of Food about it. You will never regret the stamp or the trouble. This is the address:

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

Both carefully washed but I used Persil

Never again will you have to look at your fine wash with misgivings; for Persil sets your mind at rest. Persil's gentleness and thoroughness preserves the beauty of your shimmering silks, the soft fleeciness of your woollens—it keeps your coloureds bright and gay as new. Remember—materials are precious these days, and Persil is so safe!

Don't forget if any washing problems crop up, in actual washing, drying, ironing or finishing, just drop a line for free advice to the Persil washing expert, Mrs. Holiday, Persil Home Washing Bureau, Warrington, Lancs.

PERSIL WASHES SO GENTLY THAT IT MAKES FINE FABRICS LAST LONGER

Economise this way

It's all the more important these days, when you want all your clothes and household linen to last as long as possible, to use Persil. Persil's gentleness makes things last.

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without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/5 and 3/5.

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J.B.L. 173 ★ 169